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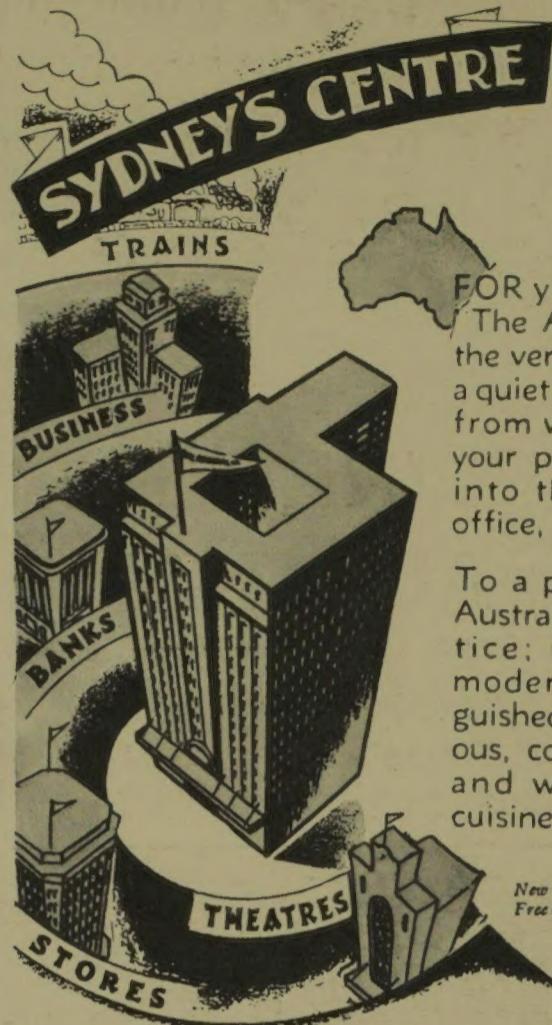
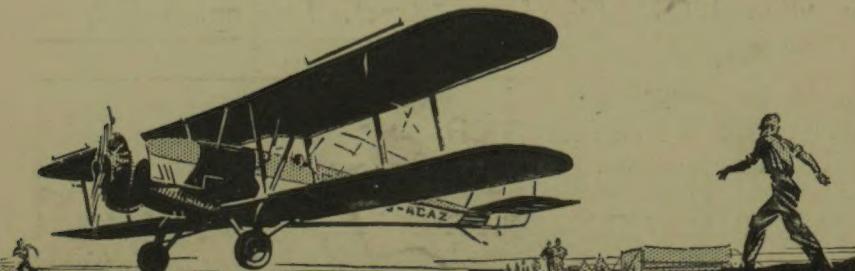
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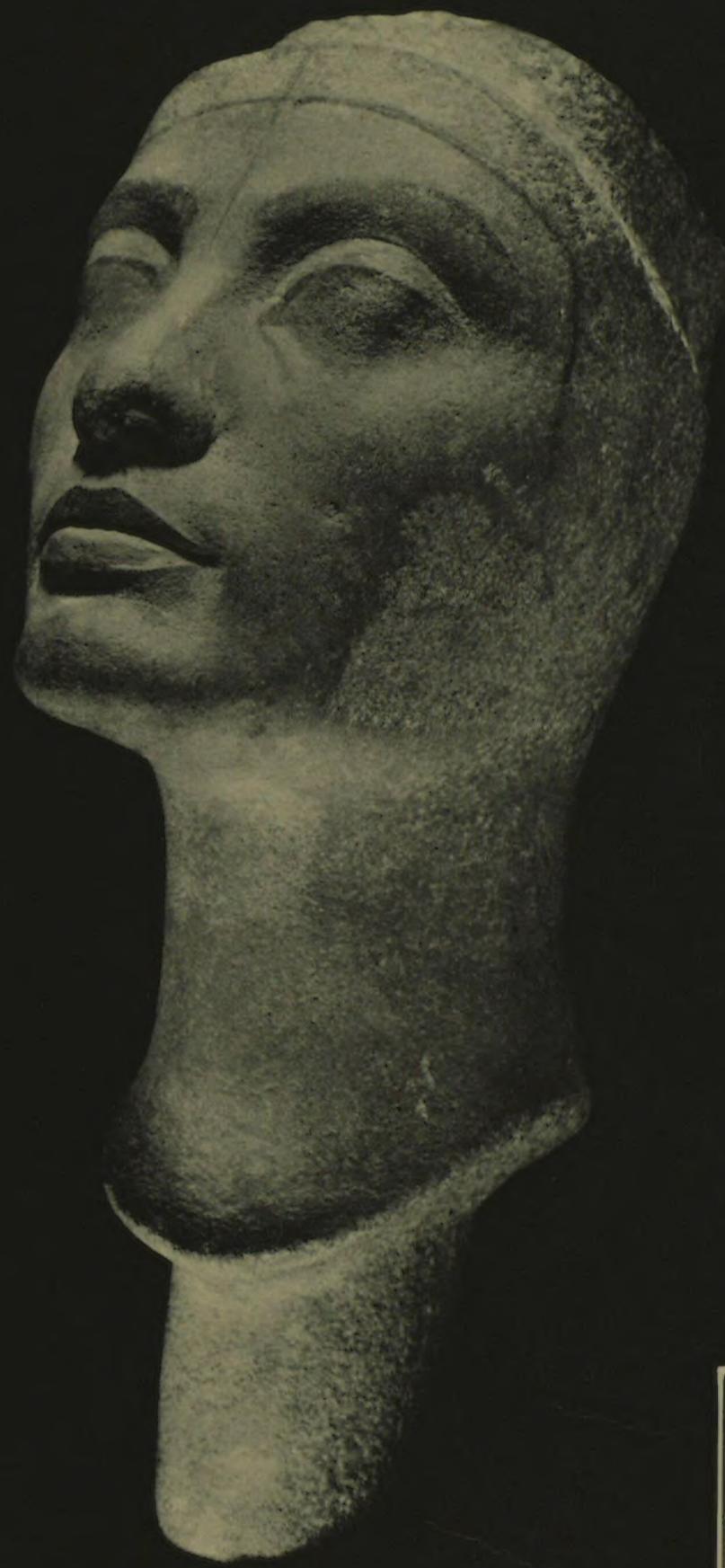
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SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1933.



ANCIENT EGYPT'S QUEEN OF BEAUTY: A NEWLY FOUND QUARTZITE HEAD OF NEFERTITI FROM TELL EL-AMARNA—(BELOW, FOR COMPARISON) ANOTHER HEAD OF NEFERTITI IN BERLIN.

GREAT interest was aroused by a recent announcement that the Egypt Exploration Society's expedition at Tell el-Amarna had found another wonderful life-size head of Queen Nefertiti, wife of Akhenaten and mother-in-law of Tutankhamen, rivalling the celebrated head of her (shown on page 630) in the New Museum, Berlin, and closely resembling the other Berlin head illustrated here. Details of the new quartzite head (reproduced above) are given (on page 630) in an article by Mr. J. D. S. Pendlebury, field-director of the expedition, describing his discoveries (illustrated also on pages 631, 632, and 633). The sculptor's guiding marks, in black ink, still remain on the head, which was left unfinished, and the lips were painted red. Mr. Pendlebury considers the face rather soft and rounded for Nefertiti as we know her, although certainly suggesting her appearance as a girl. Another archaeological authority, who has seen the photograph, thinks the head is definitely that of Nefertiti.

LARGER PHOTOGRAPH BY THE EGYPT EXPLORATION SOCIETY EXPEDITION TO TELL EL-AMARNA. (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 630.)





FIG. 1. THE FAMOUS BERLIN BUST OF QUEEN NEFERTITI—GIVEN HERE FOR COMPARISON WITH THE NEWLY FOUND HEAD OF THE SAME QUEEN ILLUSTRATED ON OUR FRONT PAGE.

This painted limestone bust of Nefertiti, which has been described as "perhaps the most life-like portrait of all Egyptian art," was found during the German Orient Society's excavations at Tell el-Amarna in 1911-14, and is now in the New Museum at Berlin. It was reproduced in colour in our issue of December 31, 1927.

year to solve the mystery of the temple. This, however, we shall tackle—funds permitting—with some confidence, for Mr. Lavers has succeeded in fitting every part of the plan which we have recovered into the formalised representation of the Temple shown on the walls of the tomb of Mery-ra in the cliffs behind the Temple. For what follows then the plan (Fig. 7 on page 632) must be compared with the scene from that tomb (Fig. 8) from N. de G. Davies's drawing.

The Temple enclosure is a huge rectangle some eight hundred yards long by three hundred broad. The main entrance lies in the middle of the west wall, where a ramp led up from the outside to an opening—apparently not a door—between two pylon towers. On this same high level you approached the building, for below the sand and trampled mud of this entrance lay an earlier processional system, consisting of a sort of triumphal gateway and an avenue of sphinxes which had perhaps been used when the Sanctuary at the extreme east end was dedicated, before these western buildings were constructed, and perhaps even before the temenos wall was built.

On your left lay a pavilion, with rows of columns set on solid cement foundations. On either side of the path were sunk plaster receptacles, perhaps for liquid offerings. In front of you lay the first building, "Per Hai," the House of Rejoicing. This consisted of two pavilions, the columns resting on great platforms of cement. Round the north, south, and west sides ran a thick brick wall, faced inside and out with stone. Somewhere on these platforms stood two altars, for fragments from their balustrades have been for years in the Cairo Museum. At the east end of each pavilion steps led down into small open courts. These were separated by a continuation of the passage between the two platforms, which acts as a causeway bridging the gap between the House of Rejoicing and the next division of the Temple.

This was "Gem Aten," Finding of the Aten. The system of this part of the Temple consists of a number of courts, open to the sky, with the causeway running down the middle, flanked on either side by rows and rows of square bases (Fig. 3) to support offerings. Round the courts run platforms, consisting of a pavement set on a sand filling between the outer walls and a stone facing. At the east end of Gem Aten the platforms and causeway stop abruptly; they had been getting lower and lower as the courts rose in a series of steps; and after a small colonnade of stone columns comes the final court, surrounded by chapels, in which stood two or more offering tables or altars, containing the high altar, fragments of which were already in the Cairo Museum. This, then, was Akhenaten's idea of a temple to the Disc of the Sun. Outside, in the open space between these buildings and the temenos wall, were innumerable square brick piers (Fig. 3), either the offering tables of those who could not attain to the dignity of a stone offering-table within, or, according to Dr. Frankfort's more attractive idea, the offering-tables of every city and town in the empire.

But when Akhenaten died and the hatred against him and his god broke out, his enemies tore every stone from its place; they filled up the whole area with clean sand and ran a layer of cement over it all, as if to keep within bounds the infection of the accursed place. Thus we were only left with the marks in the cement bedding where the foundation stones had once been. And for the preservation of the platforms to their original height, we actually have to thank the destroyers. Hand in hand with the quarrying away of the stone went the destruction of the decoration. Little enough is left, and of that little much shows the carelessness due to the

A "MONOTHEISTIC UTOPIA" OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

DISCOVERIES DURING THE LAST SEASON'S EXCAVATIONS AT TELL EL-AMARNA. ON THE SITE OF THE HERETIC PHARAOH'S CAPITAL: NEW PORTRAIT SCULPTURE OF GREAT INTEREST.

By J. D. S. PENDLEBURY, M.A., Field Director of the Egypt Exploration Society Expedition at Tell el-Amarna. (See Illustrations on the front page, and those on the following three pages numbered according to the author's references.)

THE object of this season's expedition was primarily to clear the Great Temple to the Sun, which Akhenaten had intended to be the centre of his monotheistic Utopia. Over forty years ago Sir Flinders (then Professor) Petrie had worked on the Sanctuary at the extreme east end of the great enclosure, but a number of points still remained to be decided, and in addition there were large buildings, apparently untouched in recent years, which lay to the west just inside the main entrance.

It was with these buildings that we started, and the work on them was so long and complicated that the time and money left at our disposal after the completion of them did not justify us in making any attempt this

frantic haste with which Akhenaten rushed along his projects. But two or three pieces have survived, most of them found thrown down into the trenches which had been cut to receive the walls.

Fig. 11 shows a small head in sandstone to be inlaid into a wall scene. The eyes and eyebrows were themselves inlaid in blue glass. Fig. 6 shows a commenced sculptor's trial piece, on which the head of Queen Nefertiti had already been drawn in ink and roughly blocked out in relief. Fig. 2 shows, perhaps, what the finished state would have been. It is one of the finest trial pieces I have seen, for the back also is carved with the representation

the area. It consisted of a number of small buildings—two could be dignified with the name of houses—apparently dependencies of Petrie's house to the west. Whatever they were, there is no doubt that they formed part of a group of artists' houses.

Besides other fragments of the head already mentioned was found a plaster cast of the head of Akhenaten (Fig. 13), which resembles one of the portrait-heads in Berlin, as well as, to a remarkable degree, another plaster head there which has been identified with great probability as Amenhotep III., Akhenaten's father. It forms an interesting comparison with the so-called death-

mask of Akhenaten found by Petrie. Most impressive of all was the life-size head in quartzite (see front page). This was left unfinished, for the guiding marks in black ink still remain and the left side of the face is rough in parts, but so sure was the artist that he had "struck a winner" that he could not resist, even at this stage, painting red the lips. He had left the back of the head rough. Evidently a head-dress which covered the ears was to be added in some different material. Who it is meant to represent we cannot tell. It seems rather too soft and rounded for Nefertiti as we know her, though it certainly resembles one's ideas of her as a girl. Perhaps it is one of the older Princesses about the time she succeeded to the throne. In any case, it is the work of art which matters.

Fig. 12 shows a small, exquisitely worked group in steatite on a limestone base. It is about 6 inches high. It represents the Ape of Thoth, crowned with the horns and disk, seated upon an altar. In front of him squats cross-legged a scribe intent on his papyrus roll, as if inspired by his patron god. Fig. 4 is another quartzite head for inlay. In this case, however, whether it is unfinished, or whether the artist was inspired by some happy genius, the result is such as has never been seen. So delicate is the modelling that unless the head is held in a particular light the detail cannot be seen, and it looks like a mere flat silhouette. It is one of the most precious of our finds. Besides these works innumerable smaller objects were found, some of them unfinished. One of the most interesting among them was one side of the face of a portrait statuette of a king, who can be no other than Amenhotep III. There is a miniature sphinx also, in painted limestone, whose face more resembles the earlier kings of the dynasty.

Whoever the artist or artists were, they were little, if at all, inferior to the great sculptor Thothmes, from whose workshop came the famous head of Nefertiti now in Berlin (Fig. 1). Since in other houses in this area the Germans found fragments of sculpture, it would seem possible that its treasures are not yet exhausted, and that the artistic quarter of Amarna has still something to give us. But that must wait now for a while. Our present duty is to finish clearing the central part of the city, not only the Sanctuary of the Temple, but also all the dependencies of it which lie to the south and together form the official quarter. There lies the Records Office, not yet by any means finally excavated, where the famous Amarna tablets were found. There are long rows of treasures and storehouses and Government buildings. One can safely say, "Ex Amarna semper aliquid novi."

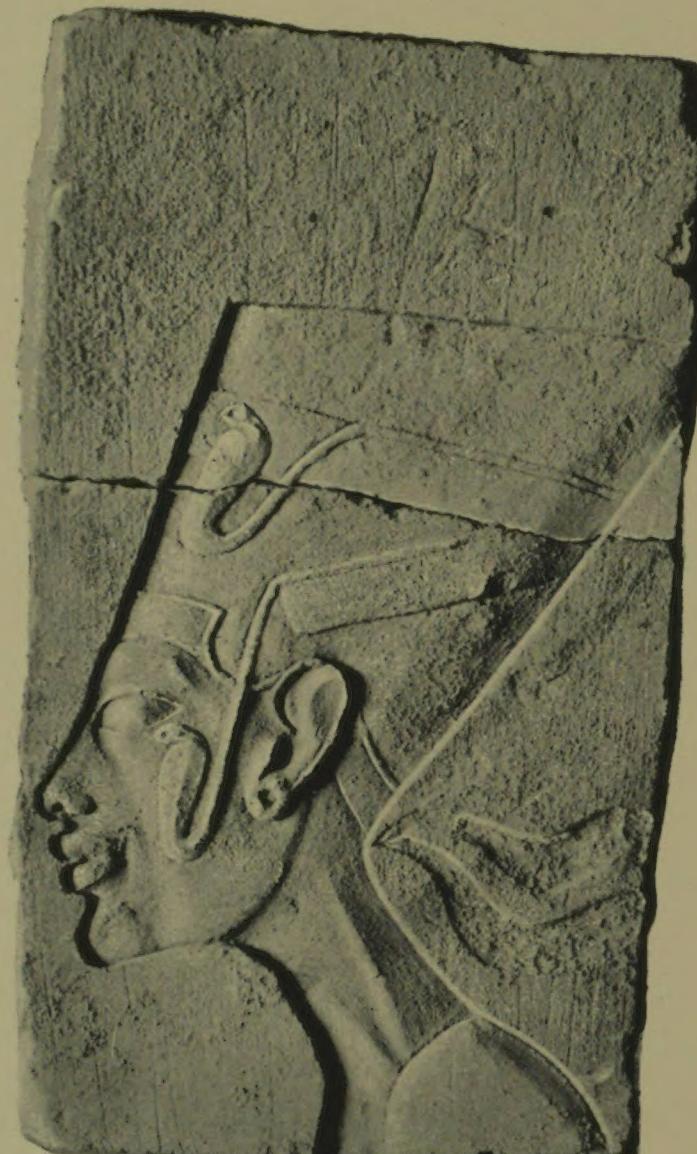


FIG. 2. AN EGYPTIAN QUEEN (WITH A HEAD-DRESS LIKE THAT SHOWN IN FIG. 1): A LIMESTONE RELIEF ON ONE SIDE OF A SCULPTOR'S TRIAL PIECE, OF UNUSUAL INTEREST, HAVING ON THE REVERSE A KNEELING FIGURE. (HEIGHT, ABOUT 11 IN.)

of a kneeling figure. Fig. 5 is also a sculptor's trial piece, engraved with two royal heads, perhaps Akhenaten and the young consort, Smenkhabu.

Meanwhile, even greater treasures awaited us in the south part of the town. Here Mr. Waddington was engaged in re-surveying part of the site and in tying together the plans of the many expeditions which have worked there. There was a small area bounded to the south and east by the German excavations, to the north by a street, and to the west by a house excavated many years ago by Petrie. This area had been left undug. While walking over it, and regretting the gap it left in the plan, Mrs. Waddington idly overturned a sherd lying on top of a low wall. Beneath it was the plaster cast of the head of Nefertiti (Fig. 14). Fragments of worked stone were lying scattered about, and it seemed as well not only to remove the unsightly gap in the plan, but also to forestall the illicit digging which would inevitably take place in the summer, since the discovery of the head was known. Accordingly a company of workmen spent about three weeks in clearing



FIG. 3. SQUARE BASES FOR OFFERINGS (SOME STILL IN SITU), WITH TRACES OF MANY OTHERS, ARRANGED IN ROW AFTER ROW FLANKING A CAUSEWAY: PART OF THE OPEN COURTS IN THE "GEM ATEN" SECTION OF THE GREAT TEMPLE ENCLOSURE AT TELL EL-AMARNA.

A NEW PORTRAIT OF THE HERETIC PHARAOH: TELL EL-AMARNA "FINDS."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE EGYPT EXPLORATION SOCIETY EXPEDITION TO TELL EL-AMARNA. (SEE ARTICLE OPPOSITE.)

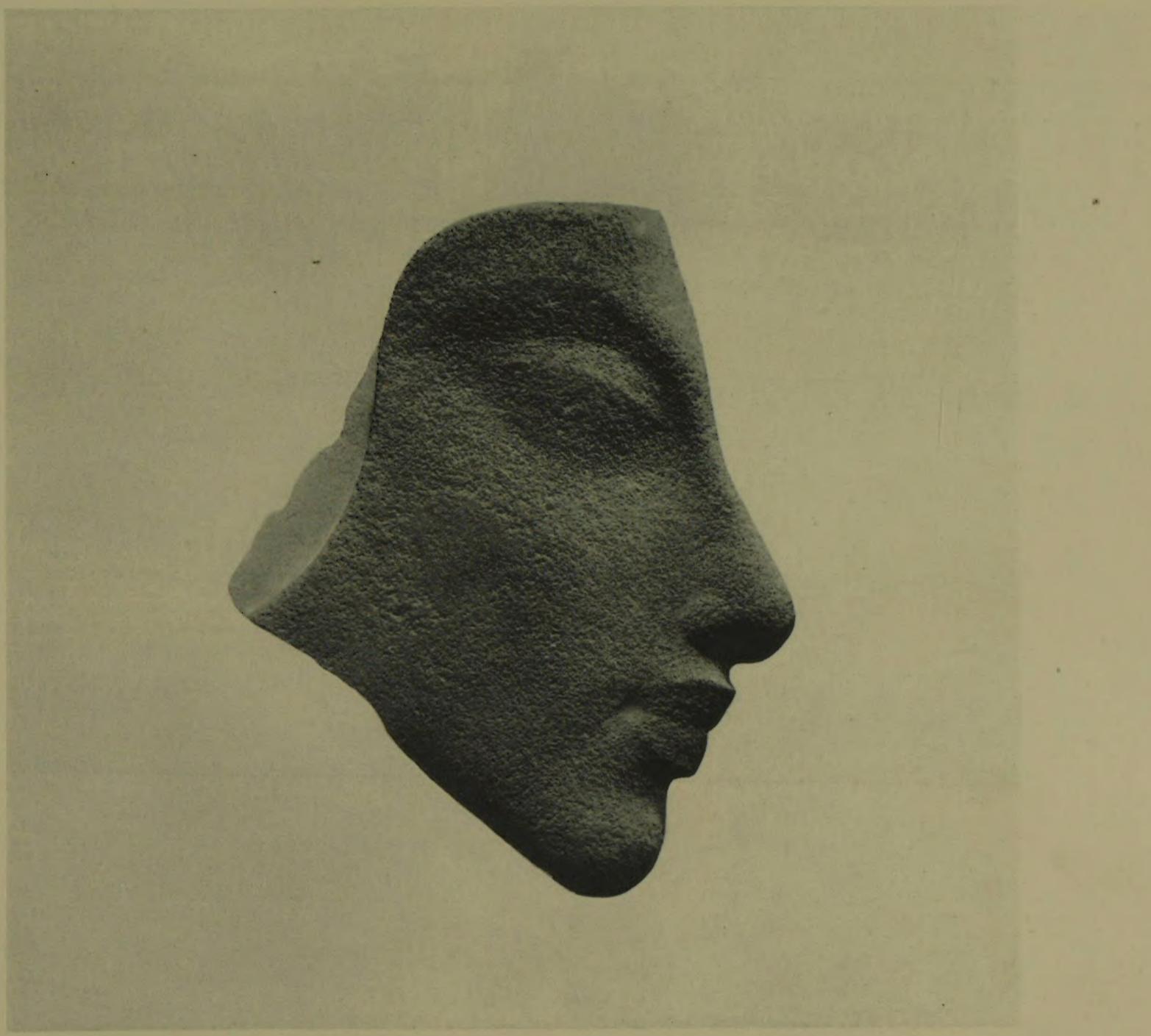


FIG. 4. A WORK OF EXQUISITE DELICACY: AN INLAY RELIEF PORTRAIT OF AKHENATEN—A NEWLY DISCOVERED QUARTZITE HEAD (ACTUAL SIZE) OF THE HERETIC PHARAOH, FOUND ON THE SITE OF THE CITY WHICH HE BUILT AS HIS CAPITAL, AND AS THE CENTRE OF SUN-WORSHIP, AT TELL EL-AMARNA.



FIG. 5. PERHAPS PORTRAITS OF AKHENATEN AND HIS SON-IN-LAW, SMENKHARA: A SCULPTOR'S TRIAL PIECE WITH TWO ROYAL HEADS. (CENTIMETRE SCALE.)

These examples from the important new discoveries at Tell el-Amarna, described by Mr. Pendlebury on the opposite page, show interesting stages in the craftsmanship of ancient Egyptian sculptors, from the rough beginnings and elaboration of trial pieces (Figs. 5 and 6) to the beauty of a finished work (Fig. 4). This latter example, as Mr. Pendlebury points out, has a unique quality, and is one of the most precious among the new finds. An archaeological authority, to whom this photograph was shown, accepts the head as an authentic portrait of Akhenaten, the Heretic Pharaoh. The new religion which he established was a form of

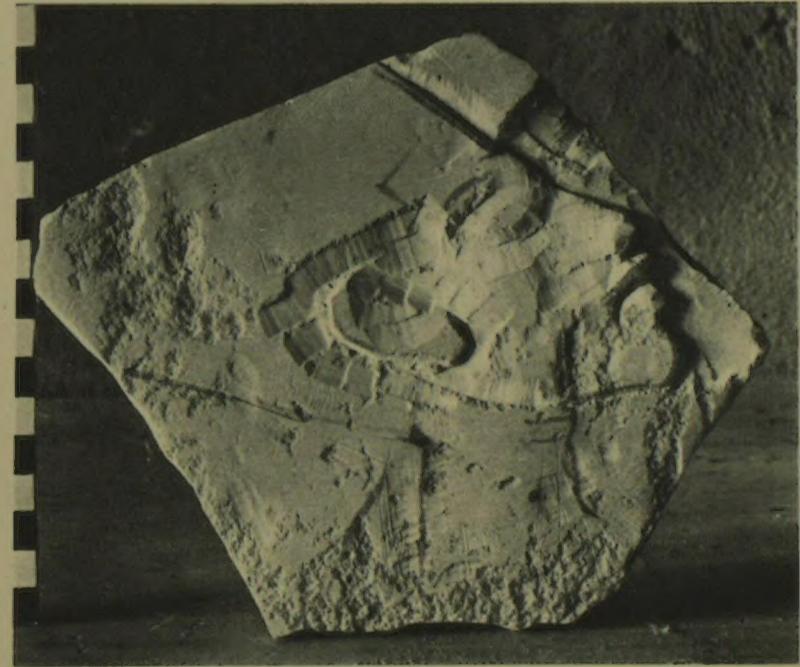


FIG. 6. A LIMESTONE SLAB WITH THE HEAD OF NEFERTITI OUTLINED IN INK AND ROUGHLY BLOCKED OUT IN RELIEF: A SCULPTOR'S TRIAL PIECE COMMENCED.

sun-worship. The late Dr. James Baikie, in his "Egyptian Antiquities" writes: "When once Amenophis IV. (Akhenaten) had broken with Amunism he found it necessary to abandon the ancient capital, Thebes, the stronghold of Amunism, and to build for himself a new and holy city." This is the city, named Akhetaten, whose ruins are at Tell el-Amarna. Akhenaten left no male heirs, but several daughters. The eldest married Smenkhkara, who died shortly after his father-in-law. The second daughter died unmarried, and the third married Tutankhamen, who succeeded to the throne. In his reign Egypt reverted to the old religion.

THE HERETIC PHARAOH'S "HOLY CITY": TELL EL-AMARNA FROM THE AIR.

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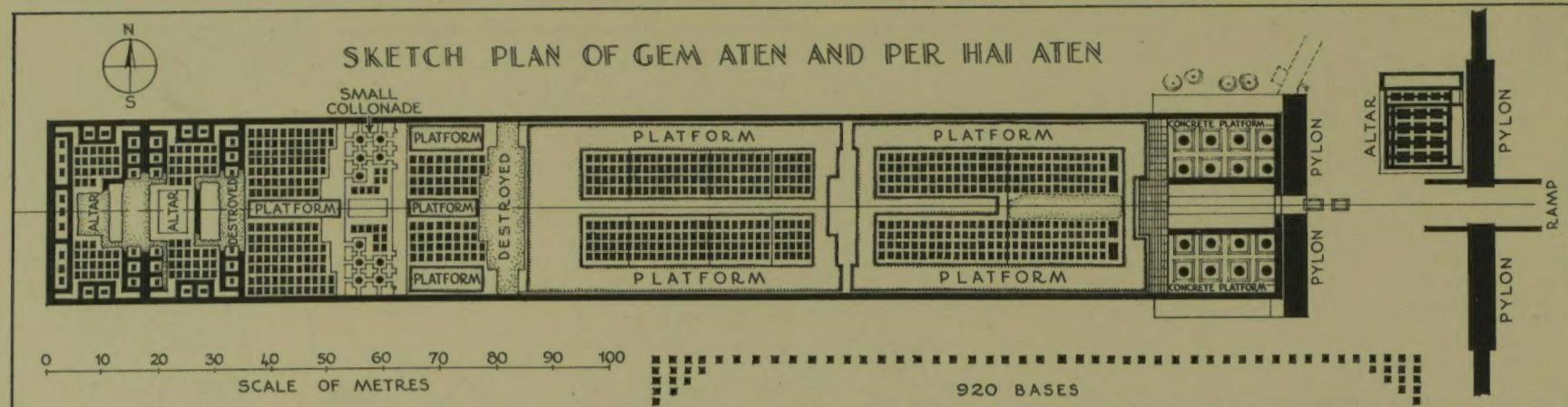


FIG. 7. A SKETCH PLAN OF TEMPLE BUILDINGS DISCOVERED AT TELL EL-AMARNA — FOR COMPARISON WITH THE DRAWING IN FIG. 8: A GROUND PLAN COMPRISING THE FIRST BUILDING, "PER HAI" (HOUSE OF REJOICING), AND THE NEXT DIVISION OF THE TEMPLE, "GEM ATEN" (FINDING OF THE ATEN).

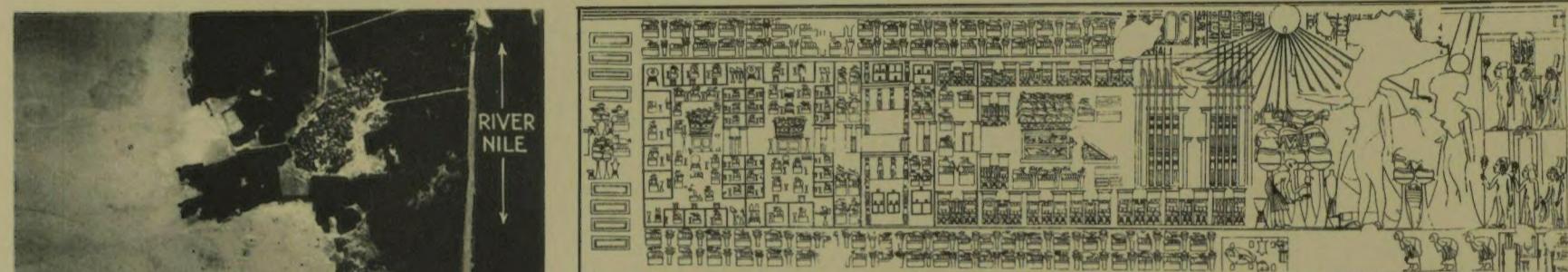


FIG. 8. FOR COMPARISON WITH THE PLAN (FIG. 7): PART OF A REPRESENTATION OF THE SAME TEMPLE ON THE WALLS OF THE TOMB OF MERY-RA, IN THE CLIFFS BEHIND THE TEMPLE, CLOSELY CORRESPONDING, IN DETAILS OF ARRANGEMENT, WITH THE BUILDINGS DISCOVERED.

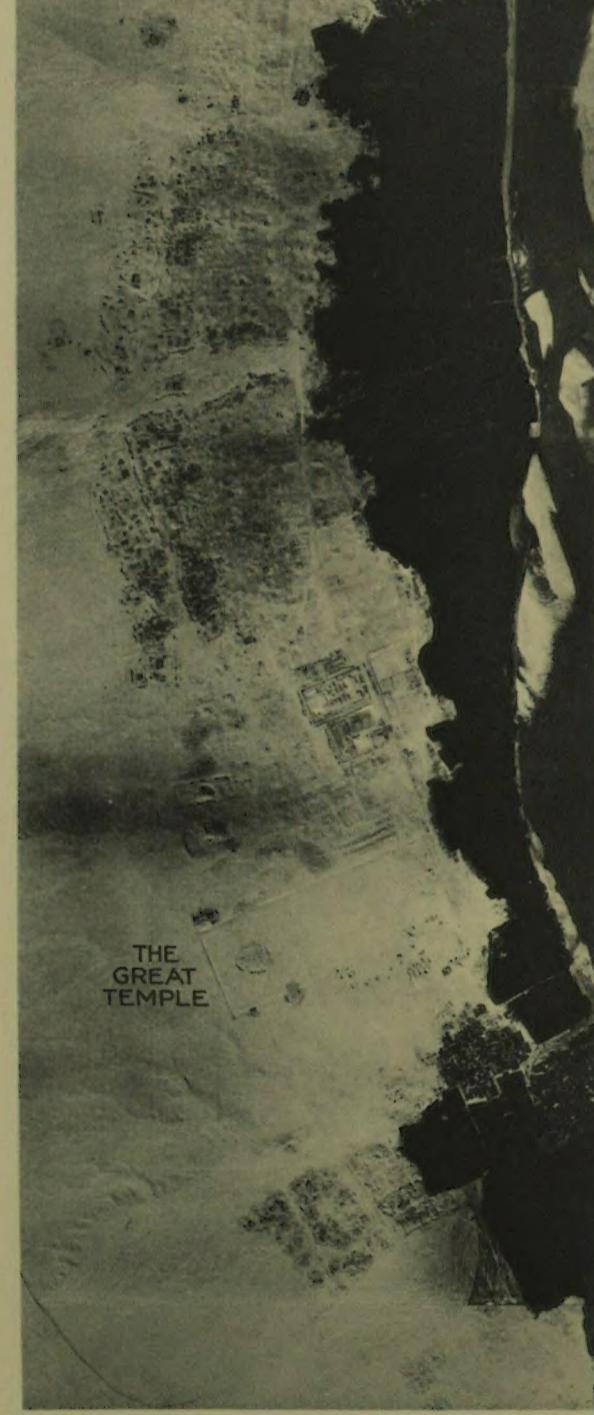


FIG. 9. TELL EL-AMARNA FROM THE AIR: A MOSAIC MAP, BY AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHY, SHOWING THE SITE OF AKHENATEN'S CAPITAL ON THE BANK OF THE NILE.

In his article (on page 630) describing his new discoveries at Tell el-Amarna, Mr. Pendlebury points out that the plan (Fig. 7) should be compared with the drawing (Fig. 8) from the tomb of Mery-RA. The expedition's architect, Mr. R. Lavers, it is explained, "has succeeded in fitting every part of the plan which we have recovered into the formalised representation of the Temple shown on the walls of the tomb." In this wall-picture the Royal Family are seen entering

FIG. 10. DETAIL OF FIG. 9: A SECTION OF THE ADJOINING AIR-PHOTOGRAPH MOSAIC MAP, SHOWING PART OF THE SMALL TEMPLE, THE KING'S HOUSE, THE OFFICIAL PALACE, AND A ROYAL ROAD LEADING TO THE GREAT TEMPLE (BELOW) AT TELL EL-AMARNA.

the temple, having descended from their chariots, which are held by attendants. Akhenaten and his Queen, Nefertiti, lead the way, followed by their six daughters. The royal procession has passed through the first pylon entrance, and Akhenaten is seen making an offering to the Aten. The air photographs show the site of the city, named Akhetaten, which he built and occupied as his capital for some twenty-five years.

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TELL EL-AMARNA "FINDS": PORTRAIT-HEADS; AND THE APE OF THOTH.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE EGYPT EXPLORATION SOCIETY EXPEDITION TO TELL EL-AMARNA. (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 630.)



FIG. 11. AN INLAY RELIEF PORTRAIT-HEAD, PROBABLY OF SMENKHARA (A SON-IN-LAW OF AKHENATEN), THE EYES AND EYEBROWS OF WHICH WERE INLAID IN BLUE GLASS.



FIG. 12. THE CYNOCEPHALOUS FORM OF THOTH, WITH A PRIEST CANTOR: A SMALL AND EXQUISITELY WORKED GROUP IN STEATITE ON A LIMESTONE BASE. (HEIGHT, ABOUT 6 IN.)



FIG. 13. THE HERETIC PHARAOH WHO ESTABLISHED HIS "MONOTHEISTIC UTOPIA" AT TELL EL-AMARNA: A PLASTER CAST OF THE HEAD OF AKHENATEN, WHICH RESEMBLES A PORTRAIT-HEAD IN BERLIN.

We illustrate here further examples of the remarkable Egyptian sculptures newly discovered at Tell el-Amarna, as described by Mr. Pendlebury in his article on page 630. Referring to Fig. 13, he mentions that this plaster cast of the head of Akhenaten resembles one of the portrait-heads in the Berlin Museum, and also, to a remarkable degree, another plaster head in the same collection, which has been identified as Amenhotep III., Akhenaten's father. At the same time, this cast (Fig. 13) provides an interesting comparison with "the so-called death-mask

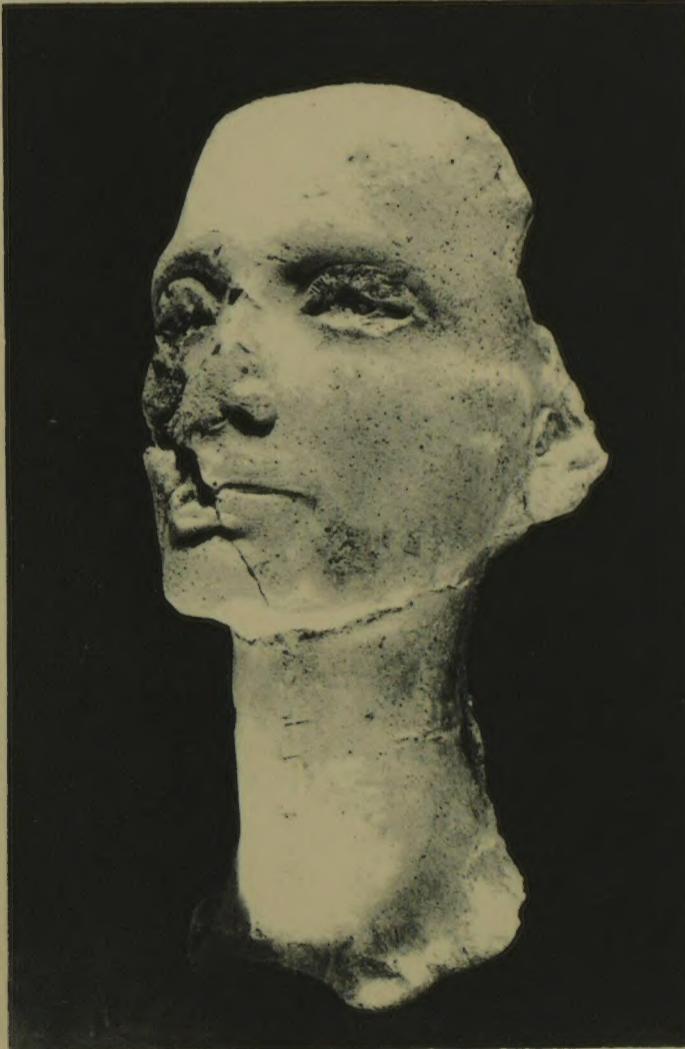


FIG. 14. A PLASTER CAST FOUND AT TELL EL-AMARNA: A HEAD ORIGINALLY ASSOCIATED WITH NEFERTITI, BUT REGARDED BY ANOTHER ARCHAEOLOGICAL AUTHORITY AS POSSIBLY REPRESENTING YUA.

of Akhenaten found by Petrie." Another eminent archaeological authority, who was much interested in the photographs, considers that the head shown in Fig. 11 is probably a portrait of Smenkhkara, while that illustrated in Fig. 14 may represent the head of Yua. As noted on a previous page, Smenkhkara married Akhenaten's eldest daughter, but did not long survive him. The crown passed to Tutankhamen, who married the third daughter. The baboon-headed deity seen, with a priest or scribe, in Fig. 12 is described as "the Ape of Thoth."



BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT has been noted here that there are certain pockets in history; periods which we do not explore, or episodes that we never even discover, though they may lie very near to ourselves. I have climbed to the top of what might be called either a small mountain or an enormous hill, which stood up against the sky in the shape of a perfect cone; so that I could have sworn from below that its sides were as straight as the sides of the Great Pyramid. And I could hardly believe my eyes, when I came to climb it, and found myself in valley after valley, a series of vast hollows or depressions invisible from the plains below. There are pockets in history as there are in hills; and, as I remarked in a recent article, they are very often quite close to us in time, though veiled, like the other folds in space, by a sort of optical illusion. I could give a great many examples of what I mean; I take the first that occurs to me, which I found most clearly presented in a book by Mr. Roger Fry, on the history of French Art. Very few people have any reason to recall the curious and brief episode, which may be called, in rather a special and narrow sense, the period of French Classical Art. I do not mean the large cultural sense, in which we might fairly say that almost all French Art is Classical Art. I do not mean the general result, which prevailed in a hundred ways after the Renaissance. I mean a particular result that prevailed in a very precise way, just after the Revolution.

It happens that I have always been much more in sympathy with the French Revolution than most Englishmen; or, for that matter, by this time, many Frenchmen. I think that, with all its violence, and with some pedantry of the sort that is worse than violence, it was a necessary liberation of public life from a decadent feudalism that grew more oppressive as it grew less genuine. I think it had the credit of humanising modern institutions; a credit which many more modern movements have quite falsely claimed. But it is worth noting, in this particular instance, that the real danger of revolution is not so much anarchy as rigidity. This has been emphasised, and even exaggerated, in talk about the tyrant who is raised to power by a mob. It is more interesting to note it in a detached and even abstract matter like art. The revolutionary fountain, which sprang or spurted so freely, froze much too soon. It froze into a sort of formal iceberg, looking like a marble pillar. In struggling out of the feudal forests, or the network of the old despotic diplomacies, the rebels had perpetually called on the gods and heroes of Pagan antiquity; and all their ideas of culture were modelled on the marble severity of the old republics. The consequence was that, when the Revolution conquered, this cold classicism conquered with it, and seems to have tolerated no counter-revolution against itself. Thus there was a sort of tyranny of David, which lasted longer than the tyranny of Robespierre. The Academies of Art absolutely

forbade any artist to draw anybody except in a toga or a tunic. All the walls of picture galleries and private houses were covered with a sort of pattern of the Greek nose, as monotonous as the Greek key. It was sometimes considered, apparently, a sort of treason to the Republic and the Rights of Man even to remember any other periods in history except those of Harmodius or Timoleon or Brutus. It is clear, even from Mr. Fry's book, which does not deal with politics, that the first Romantic painters had quite a struggle against the new formalism; so entirely frozen and yet so entirely fresh. The Romantics felt themselves imprisoned in a Greek temple, exactly as the Revolutionists had felt themselves imprisoned in a Gothic crypt.

The Romantics, though themselves often more revolutionary than the Revolutionists, were forced to find an outlet, even if it were an outlet into places and periods then counted barbarous or superstitious.

the Pantheon. He cursed medievalism with his intellect, and blessed it with his imagination.

This small and neglected episode in the history of French culture is worth remembering for many reasons just now. It had a great deal to do with the first imaginative gropings of that intellectual revival which was represented in France by Lacordaire and Montalembert, and in England by the somewhat parallel tendency of the Oxford Movement. But it also seems to me worth remembering, in connection with something much more recent, much more revolutionary, and to all appearance quite rabidly the reverse of it. Indeed, it is something that manages to be at once the reverse of all Romanticism and the reverse of all Classicism. Yet it is something with which we are extremely familiar as a fact; while we tend only too much to treat all these historical hints of similar things in the past as if they were fictions or fables. Yet the Republican tyranny of the school of David was a fact; and even if it were a fable, there would be a moral to the fable.

Just as the French Revolution claimed to have a new and special revolutionary art, so the Russian Revolution still claims to have a new and special revolutionary art. In both cases, the art is as narrow as it is new; or a great deal more narrow than it is new. That is, perhaps, the one and only characteristic that is common to the two. It seems as if there were simply no chance for a young Bolshevik artist, unless he wants to draw horrible pictures of huge oppressive machines, just a little too dull to be merely instruments of torture. Exactly in the same way, there once seemed to be no chance for a young French artist, unless he happened to want to draw the draperies of Cato as he



A BOTTICELLI MASTERPIECE ACQUIRED BY THE SCOTTISH NATIONAL GALLERY, EDINBURGH: "PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN," PAINTED ABOUT 1485.

Edinburgh is to be congratulated on the acquisition of this newly discovered portrait by Sandro Botticelli. The illustration on the right shows a version, in the Louvre, which was at one time considered to be the original work; but the beautiful modelling of the jaw, mouth, and nose of the Edinburgh acquisition is sufficient in itself to show its great superiority. We print it by courtesy of the Scottish National Gallery.

There began to appear, in the French painting of the nineteenth century, scenes that recalled the dark gold and purple of the Byzantine Empire, of mosaics and basilicas; the historical pictures were filled with the mystical diadem of Charlemagne or the wild, dark horses of Attila. In the world of art at least, the paradox was complete. They found light from the Dark Ages and liberty from the phantoms of the kings; and even of the tyrants. If the pictures of those early nineteenth-century painters, such as Delacroix, seem almost intolerably melodramatic, and give a refined shiver to whole generations of Impressionists and Post-Impressionists, it must always be remembered that they also were Revolutionists; they were in revolt against the frigid and frostbitten art imposed by the Revolution. Delacroix's celebrated picture of Liberty fighting on the barricades is supposed to represent the overthrow of Royalist tyranny in the streets; but it does represent the overthrow of Republican tyranny in the art-schools. The same quaint contradiction, along with the same real excuse, could be found, of course, in the Romantics of literature. Victor Hugo lifted the very gargoyle of Notre Dame high above the classic platitudes of

stabbed himself with the expression of a Stoic, or the hard profile of Scævola as he stretched an extremely muscular arm over the fire of Lars Porsena. The artistic advantage seems to me to be very much with the Jacobins, rather than the Bolsheviks. The muscles of Scævola, though tiresome, are more interesting than the machines of Stalin; for they are at least alive. Upon the faded drapery of Cato there lingers some light of ancient and eternal laws of relation and composition, and something that will always remind us of the possibilities of grace and dignity. The Classicism that became so strangely stiff and brittle, just after the French Revolution, was at least derived from a great past, and referred remotely to something that was sometimes not only ancient, but noble. It was better than an art which boasts of being, not only modern, but ignoble. It was better than an aesthetic of Communism, which picks out for worship the basest and most brutal of all the inventions of Capitalism. But the moral is that revolt seems to produce suddenly an astonishing intellectual intolerance; and that what was at first on fire with politics turns into something quite cold and conservative in art.

THE ROYAL HANDSHAKE: CUP FINALISTS PRESENTED TO THE KING'S DEPUTY.



AN AIR VIEW OF THE WEMBLEY STADIUM, FILLED BY A CROWD OF OVER NINETY THOUSAND, BEFORE THE CUP FINAL STARTED: THE TEAMS LINED UP (ON THE LEFT OF THE PLAYING AREA) AS THE DUKE OF YORK CAME DOWN TO SHAKE HANDS WITH THE PLAYERS.



THE ROYAL HANDSHAKE: THE DUKE OF YORK, WHO DEPUTISED FOR THE KING, SHAKING HANDS WITH THE MANCHESTER CITY TEAM, WHO LOST TO EVERTON.

Everton met Manchester City in the final of the Football Association Challenge Cup at Wembley on April 29, and won by three goals to none. It was the second time that the club had won the Cup, the other occasion being as long ago as 1906. By winning this year, Everton completed three seasons of remarkable success, in which they won the Championship of the Second Division of the League, then the League Championship, and now the Cup. The Duke and Duchess of York watched the game, as the uncertain weather had made it inadvisable for the King to be present. The Duke went down from the royal box to shake hands with the teams



SHAKING HANDS WITH THE WINNING TEAM BEFORE THE GAME BEGAN: THE DUKE OF YORK BEING INTRODUCED TO THE EVERTON PLAYERS BY THEIR CAPTAIN, DEAN

before play began; and the Duchess presented the Cup to Dean, the Everton captain, and the medals to the players after the match was over. An enthusiastic crowd of ninety-three thousand, many of whom had come up from Lancashire, filled Wembley Stadium; and the spectators appreciated the innovation of the players wearing numbers on their backs. The result of the match, in which Everton fully deserved their victory—the most conclusive in a Cup Final since 1915—was determined largely by the unsteadiness of the Manchester attack, handicapped as it was by the absence of Tilson, the regular centre-forward.




THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE OCTOPUS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

BEAUTY and Ugliness are, after all, only relative terms, but, in so far as what we call the "lower orders of Creation" are concerned, the plain man has a habit of swiftly assigning whatever creature he may be looking at to one or other of these two categories, though he would often be hard put to it to say what are the outstanding features which decide his choice. To my thinking,

often with incredible speed. The octopus only occasionally resorts to this mode of locomotion, being a ground-dweller. But the cuttle-fish and squids live suspended in mid-water, and have become adjusted to this strange method of always travelling in "reverse-gear." And they have become past masters in this art. But when hard-pressed they have yet another string to their bow. For out of this funnel they can eject a cloud of inky fluid to form a most efficient "smoke-screen."

This "ink"—which furnishes the "sepia" of artists—is formed in a bag or sac at the end of the intestine, whence it is carried by a long tube to the base of the funnel, whence it is ejected.

We have still something more to discover about the mode of feeding, not only in the octopus, but in all the other members of the tribe. All agree in having the mouth in the centre of the bases of the arms. And it is a very formidable mouth, fashioned, like a parrot's beak, of a pair of horny jaws, only that the upper fits into the lower, instead

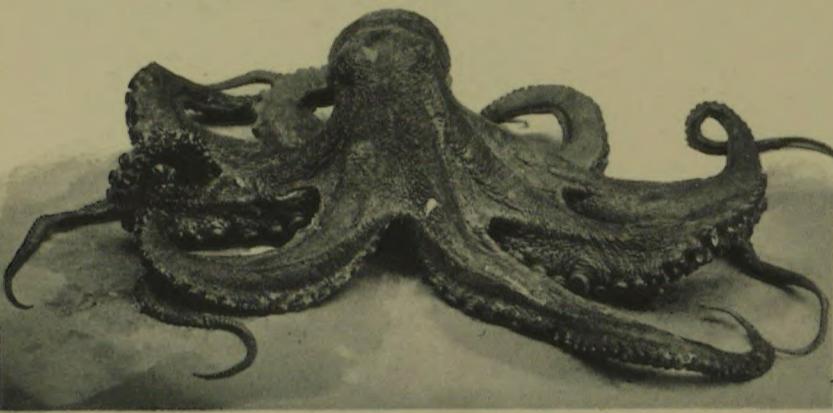
of the reverse, as in the parrot (see Fig. 2). The victim, held in the deadly grip of the suckers, is forced against the open beak and, as it closes, the mouth discharges a narcotising fluid formed by the hinder pair of salivary glands, the fluid passing into the wound as the jaws close. Pieces are then torn off and passed into the mouth, where they are thrust down the gullet by the aid of teeth projecting from the "tongue." These are the "lingual" teeth common to all the univalve mollusca.

Crabs are the favourite food of the octopus, and it is said to hypnotise its victims by a flick of the tentacles, and to seize them from behind so as to avoid their "nippers." But its fondness for crabs seems to me to raise a

difficulty in the commonly accepted explanation of the peculiar mode of feeding. In soft-bodied victims the narcotising poison could easily be introduced as the beak punctures the body. Crabs, however, have a protective armature in the shell, hence this poison would not easily find entrance. It may be that it is ejected from the mouth into the water, when it would almost inevitably be drawn into the captive's lung-chamber and so effect its purpose.

Another version of this matter which I have seen is to the effect that the victim is held close to the mouth while its body is reduced to a fluid condition by the action of the salivary glands, and is then sucked in through the mouth. This may be so, but it raises a difficulty calling for explanation, since any such solvent would at once be diluted by the surrounding sea-water. It is, then, evident that we have still something to discover as to the mode of feeding in the octopus. But this unlovely body yet reveals something akin to splendour when under the sway of the emotions of fear and hunger. Then the skin undergoes sudden and remarkable changes of colour, succeeding one another like so many multi-coloured blushes. And this same ability to play the rôle of the "quick-change artist" serves to keep it in perfect harmony with the colour of its surroundings, and hence form a mantle of invisibility.

These varied and sudden changes, however, are "self-adjusting"; that is to say, they are quite automatic. Innumerable little bags of pigment are distributed over the surface of the body, each of which is governed as to its size and shape by the pull of minute muscles, and these contract or relax,



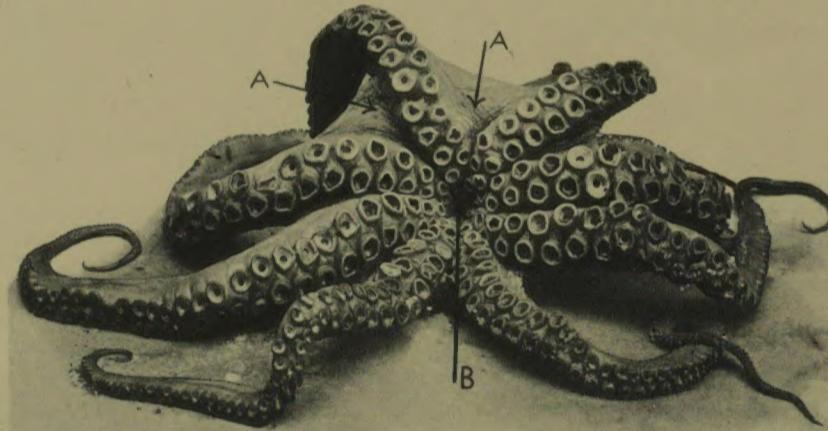
1. ONE OF THE MOST REPULSIVE DWELLERS IN THE SEA, BUT ONE DISPLAYING SOME VERY STRIKING "ADJUSTMENTS": THE OCTOPUS (*Octopus vulgaris*), WHICH HAS, BESIDES ITS DEADLY TENTACLES FURNISHED WITH SUCKERS, A "PARROT-BEAK" MOUTH (THAT NARCOTISES ITS VICTIMS); IS CAPABLE OF QUICK COLOUR-CHANGES FOR "CAMOUFLAGE"; HAS A SIPHON TO DRIVE ITSELF BACKWARDS THROUGH THE WATER; AND UTILISES THE PRINCIPLE OF THE SMOKE-SCREEN.

there are very few ugly creatures in the world. But there are certainly some which, at any rate at first sight, present themselves in the garb of ugliness. And one of these is the octopus. When seen in an aquarium it is repellent. It might well be called the Quip of the animal kingdom. It has such evil-looking eyes, and its shape is uncouth. If it does not become beautiful in death it at least may be said to present a certain pleasing symmetry of shape. Or so it seemed to me when, the other day, I set out a specimen for the accompanying photograph. For surely the long, lithe, tapering arms spread out all round the bulbous body have a decorative effect.

This was sent me by a friend who knows well that to me the attributes of beauty or ugliness in bodies, living or dead, are always considered in relation to the whole animal and its activities, for these are complex agencies which fashion the whole body. Look at the octopus with this in mind, and the sense of ugliness is overshadowed by the many and strange aspects which constantly present themselves. To begin with, it is to be remembered that the octopus is a mollusc—a "shell-fish" kin to the snail and the whelk, the slug, and the oyster. A very brief study of their anatomy suffices to show this.

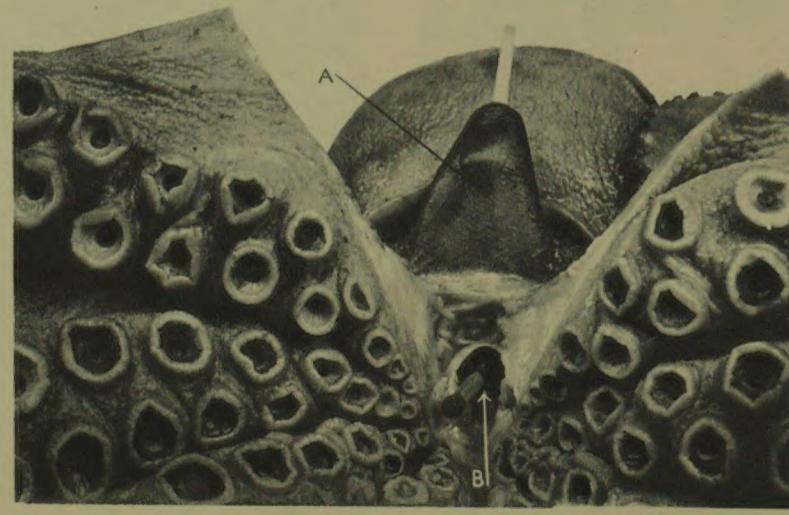
But the octopus, squid, cuttle-fish, pearly nautilus, and paper-nautilus form a group apart, differing profoundly from all other "shell-fish." By a strange process of transformation, what answers to the crawling foot of the snail or the slug has here become drawn out into eight great arms, at the bases of which will be found the mouth. And the under-surfaces of these arms are furnished with a series of powerful, cup-like, adhesive suckers. From their deadly embrace there is no escape. They are clearly seen in Fig. 2. But these arms can also be used as legs, for short-distance journeys. When, however, the creature desires to move with speed it does so by means of a very different and very curious mechanism, which also serves the even more vital function of breathing.

This takes place by drawing water into the mantle to bathe the gills enclosed therein, and expelling it through a tubular funnel. When any of the octopus-tribe desire to move at speed, water is rapidly drawn into the gill-chamber, and then at once forced out through the funnel. This has the effect of forcing the body backwards,



2. THE OCTOPUS SEEN FROM BELOW: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE TENTACLES JOINED AT THE BASE BY A FOLD OF SKIN (A) WHICH FORMS A CLOSED CHAMBER, OR TENT, ROUND THE VICTIM WHEN THE TENTACLES ARE BROUGHT TOGETHER; AND THE POSITION OF THE MOUTH (B) AT THE CENTRE OF THE UNITED ARMS.

The span of the arms in this specimen was no more than 2 ft. 10 in.—but it may be as much as 12 ft. This species, one is glad to know, is only an occasional visitor to the English Channel!



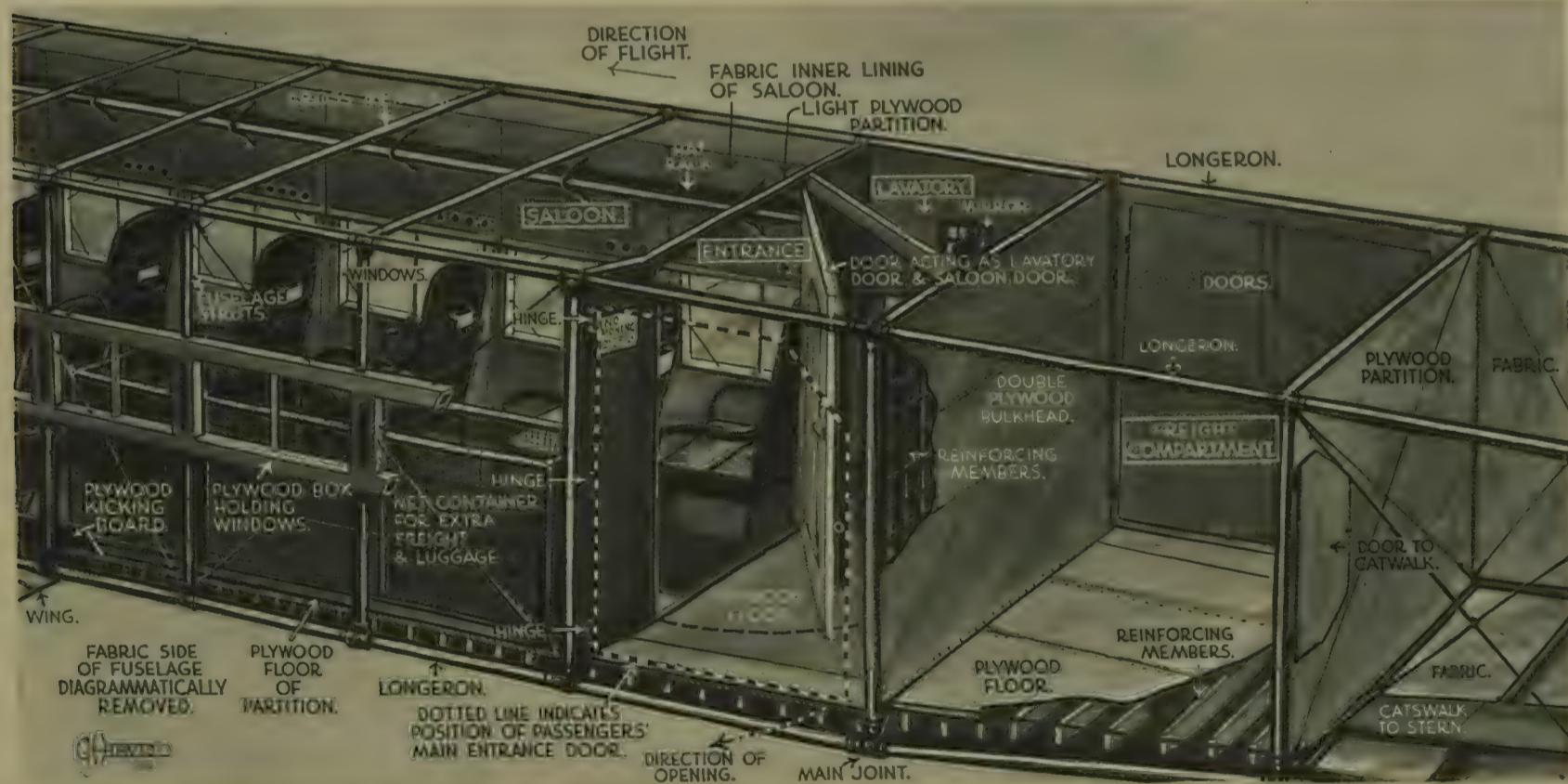
3. PART OF THE UNDER-SIDE OF THE OCTOPUS AFTER SECTION OF THE MEMBRANE JOINING TWO ARMS: THE FUNNEL (A) THAT CARRIES OFF WATER WHICH HAS PASSED OVER THE GILLS FOR BREATHING (THROUGH WHICH WATER IS EXPelled WHEN SWIMMING BACKWARDS) WITH A MATCH THRUST INTO IT; AND THE HORNY PARROT-LIKE JAWS, BELOW, GRIPPING ANOTHER MATCH (B).

according to stimuli set up by the quality of the light which reaches delicate nerve-threads emanating from the central nervous system. An octopus hiding in a crevice will match the colour of the entrance to its retreat; but venturing forth into the open, it will at once take its tone from its surroundings, matching them with an uncanny precision. Finally, something must be said of the size to which the octopus may attain. Our own species, which, however, can be regarded only as an occasional visitor to the English Channel, may have a span between the tips of the outspread arms of as much as 12 ft. But this is a mere pygmy to its cousin of the Pacific (*Octopus apollyon*), for specimens measuring 30 ft. across the arms have been taken. The only species which is common in our waters is the Lesser Octopus (*Eledone moschites*). This is found in some numbers all along the south coast, and may be at once distinguished by having only a single, instead of a double, row of suckers along each arm.

THE AIR-LINER DISASTER IN BELGIUM: A MYSTERY STILL UNSOLVED.



SEARCHING THE WRECKAGE OF THE AIR-LINER "CITY OF LIVERPOOL," FALLEN IN FLAMES AT EESSEN, NEAR DIXMUIDE, BELGIUM—AN INVESTIGATION DURING WHICH NO DEFECT IN THE AEROPLANE OR ITS ENGINES WAS REVEALED: AN AIR VIEW SHOWING THE MACHINE UPSIDE DOWN, AND THE POSITION OF VARIOUS PARTS.



INTERIOR ARRANGEMENTS OF THE PASSENGER CABIN IN THE WRECKED AIR-LINER: A DIAGRAMMATIC VIEW SHOWING (IN CENTRE) THE AFT STARBOARD SEAT ADJOINING THE LAVATORY, NEAR WHICH AN EXPERT WITNESS (MAJOR R. H. MAYO) CONCLUDED, FROM AN EXAMINATION OF THE WRECKAGE AND FROM OTHER DEDUCTIONS, THAT THE FIRE HAD ORIGINATED.

After the disaster to the air-liner "City of Liverpool," which came down in flames near Dixmude, Belgium, on March 28, with the loss of fifteen lives (all on board), it was discovered that one passenger, Mr. Albert Voss, a Manchester dentist, had fallen from the aeroplane before it crashed—his body being found a mile away. His funeral was stopped for an inquest, and the Coroner inquired into two theories: (1) That Mr. Voss took poison in the aeroplane; (2) that he became strained and set fire to the machine. The inquest opened on April 4 at Pendleton, and sensational, but unconfirmed, suggestions were made as to the purpose of Mr. Voss's frequent air journeys to and from the Continent. The inquest was adjourned till April 27, when expert evidence was given based on examination of the wreckage. No defect in the aircraft or engines had been traced, and various deductions ruled out the possibility that a fire had started in the front of the machine. A wireless signal sent from it a few minutes before the accident did not mention any petrol leakage or other trouble. The expert

examination tended to show that the fire had started at the aft end of the cabin or in the lavatory. It was stated that Mr. Voss had occupied the starboard aft seat next to the lavatory, but there was nothing to prove that he had taken poison or that he had with him any inflammable substance. The Coroner said that there was no evidence to justify a verdict of suicide, or of his responsibility for the fire. The jury returned an open verdict—that Mr. Voss died from injuries caused by falling from the liner, which caught fire, there being no evidence as to the origin and nature of the fire. The diagrammatic drawing shows that three of the saloon seats had been removed and replaced by a luggage-container. The door in the partition at the aft end of the saloon served the dual purpose of closing off the saloon from the passengers' main entrance or of closing off the lavatory compartment. The main entrance door opened outwards, being hinged on its forward edge, so that it would be difficult to open it against the wind-pressure while the machine was in flight.

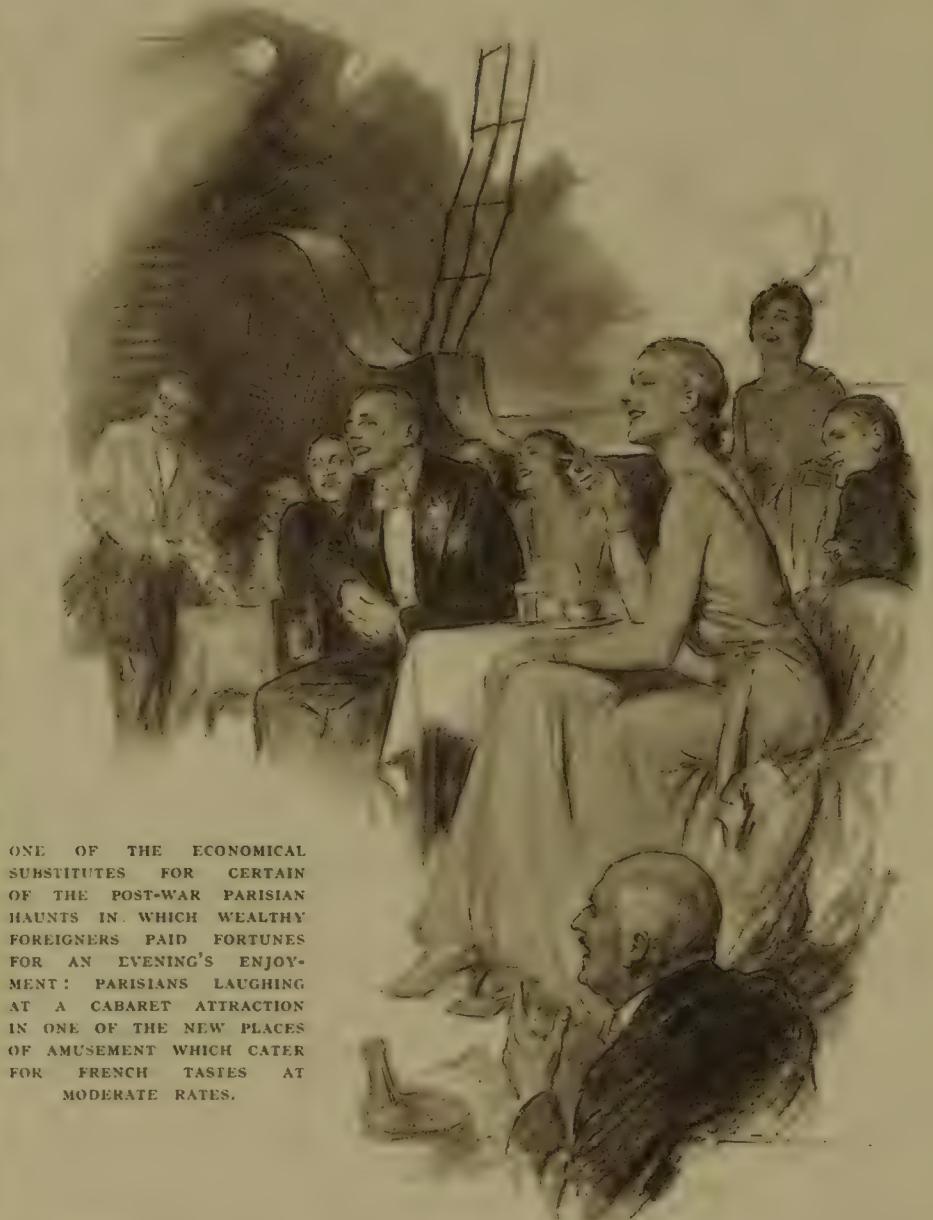
EXIT: "PARIS DU DOLLAR"; ENTER: "PARIS DE LA CRISE."

DRAWINGS BY J. SIMONT.



THE NEW "GAY PAREE"—FOR PARISIANS—A RESULT OF "LA CRISE"; A "RESTAURANT ROBINSON" (SO NAMED TO SUGGEST THE "INFORMAL" LIFE LED BY ROBINSON CRUSOE ON HIS ISLAND!) LAID OUT BY M. CHALOM, THE ARTIST, IN IMITATION OF ONE OF THESE FAVOURITE HAUNTS OF THE PLEBS.

ONE OF THE ECONOMICAL SUBSTITUTES FOR CERTAIN OF THE POST-WAR PARISIAN HAUNTS IN WHICH WEALTHY FOREIGNERS PAID FORTUNES FOR AN EVENING'S ENJOYMENT: PARISIANS LAUGHING AT A CABARET ATTRACTION IN ONE OF THE NEW PLACES OF AMUSEMENT WHICH CATER FOR FRENCH TASTES AT MODERATE RATES.



M. ROBERT DE BEAUPLAN, writing in "l'Illustration," describes the remarkable change that has come over the gay side of life in Paris. With the world crisis and the devaluation of so many foreign currencies, what he wittily calls "Paris du dollar" has disappeared. A new style of "nuits parisiennes" is in vogue; and now the French themselves, who rarely, if ever, thought of visiting the very expensive haunts which catered chiefly for wealthy foreigners, are to be seen enjoying themselves in the more modest, and perhaps less vulgar, centres of gaiety which have been encouraged by the economy due to "La Crise." "It was M. Léon Volterra," writes M. de Beauplan, "it appears, who hit on the right idea, when, at the end of the holiday season last year, he invited Parisians to the opening of the 'Boîte à Matelots.' Previously, there was a 'Boîte à Matelots' on

[Continued above on right.]



A FRIVOLOUS FRENCH ATMOSPHERE REPLACES THE PONDEROUS LUXURY AND "DRESSINESS" OF THE AVERAGE POST-WAR "BOÎTE": PARISIANS ENJOYING THEMSELVES AT THE "ARCHE DE NOË"—IN THE FOREGROUND A WOMAN WHO DOES NOT THINK EVENING DRESS ESSENTIAL.

Continued.]

Palm-Beach, at Cannes; with decorations worked out by Pol Rab, the artist. . . . The Cannes 'Boîte à Matelots' was reproduced as well as might be in the Rue Fontaine. It became the rage. The impetus was thus given and competition began. Albert—who runs that elegant restaurant in the Champs Elysées—followed suit. In company with M. Chalom, the interior-decorator, he started 'Montmartre,' in what had previously been the 'Florida,' in the Rue Clichy. It formed a picturesque and startling reproduction of the Place du Tertre, with its old houses, its curiosity shops, the open space planted with trees, and its pavements encroached on by the tables of little 'pubs' and artists' cafés. The waiters here were dressed as art students, and 'all Paris that counts,' docile as usual, came to get the illusion of dining in the open air, on the Butte, in a setting like that of some light opera. Moved to emulation, the Hotel Chatham, with the assistance of M. Chalom, had the idea of turning one of its subsidiary concerns into a 'Robinson'; such a 'Robinson' as is favoured by plebeian wedding-parties in France and by the midinettes. Lastly there arose, in the Rue d'Amsterdam, 'L'Arche de Noé,' another of Pol Rab's amusing creations, where, from the vestibule onwards, you are met by all the animals out of the Ark, stylised in the modern way."



A HAUNT, LONG FAMILIAR TO ENGLISHMEN IN PARIS, WHICH HAS TRANSFORMED ITSELF TO MEET THE CHANGED CONDITIONS DUE TO THE SLUMP: "L'HEURE DU THÉ" AT THE "BŒUF SUR LE TOIT"; WITH THE CASUALLY DRESSED PARISIAN CLIENTÈLE.



ONE OF THE NEW STYLE OF NIGHT-CLUBS IN PARIS, WHICH ARE NOTABLE FOR THE MODERATION OF THEIR PRICES AND THE INFORMAL DRESS OF THEIR CLIENTÈLE, WHICH IS MOSTLY FRENCH: "MONTMARTRE"—A RESTAURANT (ON THE SITE OF THE FORMER "FLORIDA," RUE CLICHY) DECORATED TO LOOK LIKE THE "PLACE DU TERTRE," WITH ITS OLD HOUSES AND ITS TREES; AND BAND AND WAITERS DRESSED AS ART STUDENTS.

"SAFE AS THE BANK OF ENGLAND."

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"THE ROMANCE OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND": By KATE ROSENBERG AND R. THURSTON HOPKINS.*

(PUBLISHED BY THORNTON BUTTERWORTH.)

In this country we are not great adepts at what the French call *Etatisme*. Many of our most powerful and successful institutions are semi-official, or quasi-public. It is improbable that out of our somewhat nebulous conception of the State such institutions as the Stock

another national institution, for the Government's liability was secured on "Beer, Ale, and other Liquors" duties.

The event excited little comment at the time. The necessary legislation passed through Parliament with little realisation of its significance for the future, and so shrewd

an observer as Evelyn made only this casual comment: "A publick Bank of £140,000 set up by Act of Parliament among other Acts and Lotteries, for money to carry on the war.—The whole month of April without rain." Certainly the latter event may well have seemed more remarkable in England than the establishment of the world's greatest monetary institution "among other Acts and Lotteries."

But the Bank's quiet advent was no augury for the future, and it is not too much to say that an institution which has become a synonym for safety has never, since its foundation, enjoyed any long period free from anxiety. It was faced at once by opposition inspired by commercial jealousy, it was much embarrassed by a chaotic currency, and two years after its establishment it was threatened by a formidable rival, supported by the Government, in the shape of the Land Bank. In the first

boom following the Seven Years' War had the usual reaction of depression and panic, and the year 1772 was one of the worst in the City's history. This crisis, together with the heavy responsibilities of the American War (which, again, these writers do not mention), was scarcely past when the Gordon Riots threw London into an uproar, and the Bank had to withstand the siege of a mob which would certainly have destroyed it but for the timely and vigorous precautions which the Court had taken. Since that time the Bank has been under military guard; but on two later occasions special measures had to be taken to avert mob-attacks, which threatened to be serious. The first was in 1832, during the Reform Bill troubles, and the second in 1848, when the declared intentions of the Chartists were so hostile that the Bank was converted into a temporary fortress which effectively daunted the rioters.

Domestic anxieties were soon swallowed up in the menace of a foreign war, and during the Napoleonic campaigns the Bank passed through one of its most difficult periods—and this on top of the French Revolution, which had put the utmost strain on credit and at one period (1797) had reduced the coin at the Bank to a little over a million. It is seldom realised nowadays that for about twenty years at the beginning of the nineteenth century the Bank suspended cash payments and several times had to resort to the crudest temporary expedients for a supply of silver currency. The usual cycle followed the Napoleonic Wars—a brief, artificial boom, and then a disastrous reaction. The year 1825 was one of widespread ruin, and the Bank escaped by the narrowest margin from the worst "run" in its history. The country, it was afterwards said, was within forty-eight hours of bankruptcy.

The remainder of the nineteenth century was an era of steadily increasing power and prosperity for the Bank, but it was punctuated by crises of the gravest anxiety for an institution on which the main responsibility automatically fell. There was an acute depression, now generally forgotten (by our authors among others), between 1835 and 1841. In 1866 came the second "Black Friday," when Overend Gurney and Co. failed for ten millions; and the Baring crisis in 1890 would have shaken the City of London to its foundations, but for the prompt and sagacious action of the Bank in organising guarantees against loss. It is needless to mention the emergency which arose in 1914, and we think that a somewhat fuller account might have been given of the part which the

Bank played, and has continued to play, in the hour of our most grievous visitation. [Continued on page 666.]



THE BANK AFTER ITS MOVE IN 1734: ST. CHRISTOPHER'S CHURCH, THE BANK OF ENGLAND, AND ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH—FROM AN OLD PRINT.

In 1734 the Bank of England left Grocers' Hall and entered new premises in Threadneedle Street. The site had previously been occupied by the house of Sir John Houblou, the first Governor of the Bank.

Exchange or Lloyd's or the Inns of Court would ever have emanated; and the same may be said of the Bank of England, which by its very name is a contradiction in terms, for, while it is one of the most English things in the world, it is not "of England" in any legal sense. Its position, as the writers of this volume observe, is unique. "Although it is not a State bank, it performs the functions of a State bank. It was founded . . . partly in response to the needs of the merchants, but in immediate response to the needs of the State, and all its subsequent career is closely interwoven with the history of British national revenue and expenditure. . . . As industry developed, there arose a banking system which has come to centre more and more around the Bank of England. Out of the early primitive banking methods has arisen the present intricate and sensitive credit system, including the whole mechanism of the money market, which still revolves around the Bank of England as its focus. With the evolution of international trade, the influence of the Bank of England widened. London became the money market of the world. Despite the strains and shocks of recent years following the dislocation of finance and industry caused by the war, it still holds this position, while the Bank of England, as the centre of London's money market, registers any repercussion in the financial sphere, and reflects, through the highly involved interlocking of credit and finance, all crises of moment in industry or finance in every quarter of the world."

Its appearance in England was somewhat belated, and it came none too soon to establish on a regular basis the business which had been largely conducted by the Jews, the Lombard merchants, and the goldsmiths. It was also an expedient, long overdue, for solving some of those problems of ready money which had harassed every Government, had involved nearly all our sovereigns in perpetual difficulties, and had provoked some of our gravest constitutional crises. The aim of William Paterson's scheme, on which the Bank of England was founded in 1694, was to raise by public subscription £1,200,000 for loan to the Government, the subscribers to receive four per cent. on their money and the Government to pay eight per cent., together with an annual payment for management charges. It is interesting to find that the Bank was linked with



THE BANK AS IT WAS AT THE BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—FROM AN OLD PRINT, 1827.

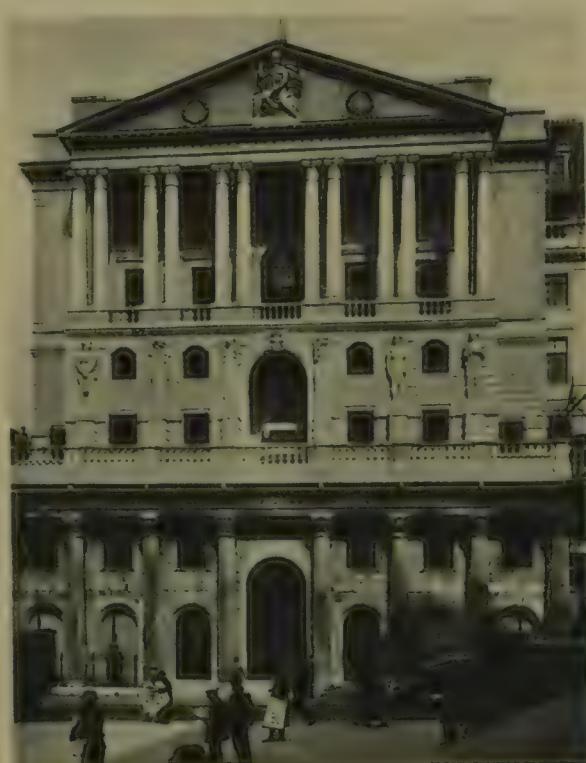


THE CREATION, AND THE MASTERPIECE, OF SIR JOHN SOANE: THE BANK OF ENGLAND EARLY IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

Reproductions by Courtesy of Messrs. Thornton Butterworth, Publishers of "The Romance of the Bank of England."

eighteen years of Anne's reign, there were repeated financial panics resulting from the disturbed conditions at home and abroad, and twice the Bank had to be fortified against the possibility of mob attacks—once after the impeachment of Dr. Sacheverell, and once under the fear of Jacobite insurrection. Then, in 1720, came the South Sea Bubble, which, however, proved a blessing in disguise for the Bank. "It came through the storm comparatively unharmed when all around had crashed. It had shown its solidity and reliability over its rival, and had re-established itself in the eyes of the Government and of the public as the one institution that could withstand a storm and see the country through a crisis."

That heroic function it has continued to discharge throughout its history—a fact which is not without comfort in the financial conditions of to-day. The '45, and rumours of a march by the Young Pretender on London, inflicted on the City its first "Black Friday," and it was only the prompt and loyal action of a number of merchants which saved the Bank from a disastrous "run." Our authors make no mention of the fluctuations of fortune in the mid-eighteenth century, which were erratic and perilous.



THE NEW LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET: THE CENTRAL FAÇADE OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND AS IT IS TO-DAY.

In the rebuilding of the Bank of England, Sir John Soane's lower Corinthian columns were retained, while Sir Herbert Baker's new columns above are connected with the old by Mr. Charles Wheeler's six sculptured figures.

ENGINEERING IN A WONDERLAND: THE NEW GLENCOE ROAD AND ITS GLORIES.

MR. J. INGLIS KER sends us the following very interesting description of the new road through Glencoe: "The most spectacular feature of the great road-engineering work represented by the imminent completion of the West Highland highway between Glasgow and Inverness is the portion from Crianlarich by Tyndrum and Glencoe to Ballachulish. Motorists and tourists will find that a wonderland of delight which they can explore in comfort and safety has been opened up to them, and all users of motor vehicles will welcome the news that the entire route is now practically available for traffic. Those who dreaded the thought that the majestic beauties of the Glen would suffer will find that their fears were groundless. Great engineering difficulties were met in cutting a new highway through the hillsides and over bogland, and in erecting bridges on treacherous foundations: these have not only been overcome, but a successful effort has been made to heal all scars and to leave unhurt the scenic splendours of the region. The new road from Tyndrum follows the western slopes of the Auch Valley and ascends the Argyll-Perthshire boundary by an easy gradient. Passing through the Clachan of Orchy and by the east bank of the River Orchy, the road, avoiding the difficulties of the old, which was actually

[Continued on right.]



A NEW WEST HIGHLAND HIGHWAY—MADE BY ENGINEERS WHO WERE AT PAINS NOT TO MAR NATURAL BEAUTIES: THE GLENCOE ROAD CROSSING THE MOOR OF RANNOCH, ON THE BORDERS OF ARGYLL.



THE NEW GLASGOW-INVERNESS ROAD BESIDE LOCH TULLA; WITH THE BRIDGE OVER TULLA WATER (LEFT): A TRIUMPH OF ENGINEERING WHICH OPENS A NEW WONDERLAND TO THE MOTORIST AND THE TOURIST IN GENERAL, WITHOUT DESTROYING THE AMENITIES OF THE COUNTRY THROUGH WHICH IT RUNS.

dangerous in some places, continues northwards by the eastern shores of Loch Tulla. Ascending a gentle gradient after crossing the water of Tulla, it encounters the only hairpin bend (an easy proposition) on the whole route, and then traverses a wide table-land to the shores of Loch an H'Achlaise, one of the most beautiful sights on the moor and rivalled only by the gem-like charm of Loch Ba, whose western shores are shortly reached. A further ascent carries the road to the summit of the Mo' of Rannoch, which commands perhaps the most glorious view in all Scotland. (It would be an undoubted advantage if the route could be linked up at this point with Rannoch, forming a valuable connecting artery between east and west.) The road now turns westwards towards Glencoe, passing near Kingshouse, crossing the River Etive, entering the Gorge, and being carried by a fine bridge through the 'Studdie' into the heart of Glencoe. From there it winds downwards to the shores of Loch Achtriochtan and thence by Ach-na-con and Glencoe Village to Ballachulish."

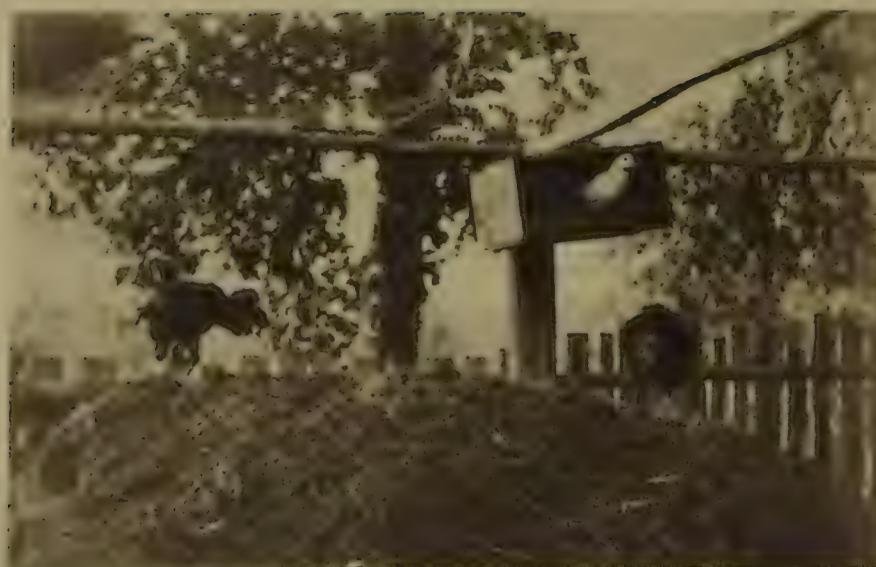
(Photographs by J. Campbell Harper.)



THE "VALLEY OF THE SHADOW" . . . "THE BURIAL-PLACE OF A RACE OF GIANTS": THE NEW ROAD PASSING THROUGH GLENCOE, THE SCENE OF THE TREACHEROUS MASSACRE OF 1692.



A BRIDGE SERVING THE WIDENED AND PARTLY RECONSTRUCTED ROAD IN STRATHFILLAR BETWEEN CRIANLARICH AND TYNDRUM: A TYPICAL PIECE OF ENGINEERING WHICH STRIVES TO HARMONISE UNOBTRUSIVELY WITH ITS SURROUNDINGS.



A SHY AUSTRALIAN BUSH BIRD WHICH NESTED IN CAPTIVITY: BRUSH TURKEYS ON THE MOUND OF VEGETATION IN WHICH THE EGGS WERE LAID (HEN ON RIGHT).

"The brush turkey," writes a correspondent, "is more familiar to Australians as the 'scrub' turkey. They are, or, rather, were, very plentiful in the dense scrubs of the north-east coast of Australia. Their shyness makes them most difficult to observe and impossible to photograph. However, some time ago an opportunity was offered to observe the birds at work. A couple of very young birds had been captured, uninjured, and were handed over to Mr. Colin Philp, a station owner in the Boonah district, South Queensland. The birds, a cock and hen, flourished in their new surroundings, and in due time instinct asserted itself and preparations were made for nesting. Leaves and grass were thrown into the enclosure. Some days elapsed before the decaying mass germinated the heat necessary for hatching. This the male bird ascertained by scraping a hole some fifteen inches deep and putting his head down into it for some half a minute. If he decided the heat was great enough, he called the hen, who snuggled down in the hole and laid her egg."



THE BRUSH TURKEYS (*TALLEGALLUS LATHAMI*) PREPARING THEIR NEST IN CAPTIVITY: A MOUND WHERE THE HEAT GENERATED BY VEGETABLE DECAY HATCHES THE EGGS.



A THRUSH'S NEST BUILT IN THE BRAKE RIGGING OF A RAILWAY TRUCK AT CARDIFF, AND MOVED FROM TRUCK TO TRUCK BY HAND DURING SHUNTING WITHOUT THE BIRD DESERTING.

The correspondent who supplied the above photograph writes: "For two years a pair of thrushes built their nest and reared their young on the brake rigging of coal-trucks at our Electric Power Station, and, although the mother is shy and flies away when approached, yet, when trucks are shunted, the men place the nest on the ground, and when finished replace it on the nearest truck, and, when all is quiet, the mother returns. The picture shows the nest and fledglings."



A FAMILY REARED BY A WAGTAIL UNDERNEATH AN OLD CHAIR ON THE L. AND N.E. MAIN LINE, UNDISTURBED BY THE REGULAR PASSAGE OF EXPRESSES.

A description of the above photograph states that an iron chair was left resting on the end of a sleeper after repairs to a stretch of the L. and N.E. route to Scotland at Beal, Northumberland. When the chair came to be moved (as in the photograph) it was found that a wagtail had nested underneath and laid her eggs. Despite the periodical deafening thunder and vibration of the "down" Scottish expresses (including the "Flying Scotsman") along the rails within twenty-four inches of the nest, the wagtail's family was duly reared.



A DOTTEREL'S NEST BETWEEN RAILWAY LINES AT ADELAIDE: THE EGGS (LAID AMONG THE BALLAST; IN CENTRE), FROM WHICH THERE WAS EVERY HOPE OF YOUNG DOTTERELS, HAD THEY NOT MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED.

Some unusually interesting observations of bird behaviour were obtained as the result of the extraordinary case illustrated here, when two dotterels nested in Adelaide Station Yard. The nest was merely a hollow four inches across amongst some stones forming the ballast, almost in the middle of the track. Dotterels usually nest near fresh-water lakes and dams, and this site was about 200 yards from Torrens Lake, in the centre of Adelaide. Workmen were constantly passing the spot and trains were regularly shunted over the particular track, chiefly in the day



THE BLACK-FRONTED DOTTEREL'S (*CHARADRIUS MELANOPS*) NEST IN ADELAIDE (SOUTH AUSTRALIA) STATION YARD: THE SPOT WHERE THE BIRDS PERSEVERED IN INCUBATING THEIR EGGS, IN SPITE OF ALMOST CONTINUOUS SHUNTING OPERATIONS.

(only occasionally at night), and shunting went on all round. The bird did the wounded-wing trick on several occasions—and certainly once at night, when a train approached the nest. It spread out its wings, alternately extending them with an irregular motion, making it appear helpless and in distress, to lure the "intruder" away from the nest. It was also observed to "defy" a train. Every effort was made by the station authorities to leave the birds in peace. But, sad to relate, before the young birds appeared the eggs were mysteriously removed.

OUR WONDERFUL WORLD: CURIOSITIES OF NESTING.



SOLD FOR £2760 AT THE GUNNING COLLECTION SALE IN NEW YORK: "SIR ROBERT GUNNING, BT., KNIGHT OF THE BATH."—BY GEORGE ROMNEY.

HIGH PRICES DESPITE THE DEPRESSION: FAMOUS PAINTINGS SOLD IN THE UNITED STATES.

Thirty-one paintings in the Gunning Collection came under the hammer at the American Art Association Anderson Galleries, New York, on April 27. They sold for 100,975 dollars (about £26,500), which proves once more that good things will always fetch good prices—depression or no depression. The work most highly valued was the "Louisa Countess of Mansfield" illustrated below. As to the picture of Sir Robert Gunning, it is of interest to recall that Romney received eighty guineas for this on March 10, 1795. The size of the canvas is 94 by 57. The sitter, we may note, won especial praise as Minister to the Court of Russia, where the Empress treated him with most marked distinction. King George III., recognising his tact and ability, nominated him as a Knight of the Bath in June 1773, and asked the Empress to invest him. This she did on July 9, the anniversary of her accession to the throne; and she presented him with the gold-hilted, diamond-studded sword with which she had given him the accolade.



SOLD FOR £2900 AT THE GUNNING SALE: "SIR GEORGE GUNNING, 2ND BT."—
BY GEORGE ROMNEY.



SOLD FOR £2630: "COL. THE HON. ROBERT FULKE GREVILLE."—
BY JOHN HOPPNER, R.A.

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SOLD FOR £9200: "LOUISA COUNTESS OF MANSFIELD."—
BY JOHN HOPPNER, R.A.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

In leading out a team of eleven books all about women, and all but one written by women, I had no thought, at first, of any analogy with cricket. Nevertheless, taking one with another, they do seem to form a sort of "Test" side, as it were, fairly representative of the feminine attitude to life from various points of view.

As a sound pair to open the batting, I choose two notable volumes of reminiscence. "THIS WAS MY WORLD" By the Viscountess Rhondda. Illustrated (Macmillan; 10s. 6d.), reveals a purposeful character, never content either to be idle or to work for an unsatisfactory object, and contains also an admirable pen-portrait of her father, the late Lord Rhondda. Among the "high spots" of narrative is the sinking of the *Lusitania*, in which he and she were among the survivors. Lady Rhondda describes her book as "the autobiography of a normal person," but stresses the fact that good luck released her from humdrum conventionality. "The child," she writes, "who had wanted to be a Prime Minister, a greater writer—and the mother of at least twelve children . . . the girl part-moulded into the correct Victorian shape . . . eventually became by the force of circumstances the one thing that it had never entered her head to be—a business woman."

Her desire for children of her own being unfulfilled, she found that marriage to a fox-hunting country gentleman, with ample means, was "not in itself an occupation," and charitable work, or "doing good to the poor," seemed to her merely "unpardonable impertinence." "I do not know," she says, "what would have happened to me if, about that time, two amazingly lucky chances had not befallen to rescue me from the life of unoccupied faculties and petty futility. . . . The two lucky chances were, first the discovery of the militant suffrage movement, and secondly the fact, which, of course, irrevocably altered and made my whole life, that my father, turning about for someone who should be a cross between a confidential secretary and a right-hand man whom he could completely trust, was induced by my mother to try me."

The sequel may afford a hint to some fathers (even if not industrial magnates) how to enhance their domestic prestige. "It gave me a curious shock of surprise," writes Lady Rhondda, "after seeing him treated without any ceremony at all at home (sometimes as if he were a beloved and charming, but rather spoilt schoolboy), to go for the first time into the Cardiff office and hear his very name uttered with awe." The mental atmosphere of big business appealed to her strongly, as she explains in recalling a conversation with Miss E. M. Delafield. "'I'd never want to go to an office if I could go to a party,' said she. 'And I'd never want to go to a party if I could go to an office,' said I. A radical difference." Personally, I confess to a sneaking sympathy with Miss Delafield, but there are other alternatives to an office besides parties. We leave Lady Rhondda realising an old ambition by editing a weekly paper—*Time and Tide*—of which she was the chief founder.

The other book of reminiscences which I have selected to partner that of Lady Rhondda is "FORE AND AFT." By Lady Angela St. Clair Erskine, author of "Memories and Base Details." Illustrated (Jarrold; 10s. 6d.). Here we are in a rather different atmosphere, for the author is more concerned with the personal and anecdotal side of life, and the interest largely consists in experiences of travel. There is, however, an element of politics and international affairs. Lady Angela, for instance, claims to have had some share in private discussions which led to the selection of Mr. Baldwin as Prime Minister in preference to Lord Curzon on the death of Mr. Bonar Law. Later, she gives impressions of a visit to Russia which are hardly complimentary to the Soviet régime. "If we had, presumably, been shown the best side of Communism," she writes, "what can the worst be like? . . . There is to my mind only one way to stop Bolshevism spreading, and that is for all civilised countries to refuse to trade with Russia." Recent events, perhaps, have tended to support her opinion. Journeys to Australia and New Zealand, where she was in an earthquake, have imbued her with the Empire spirit. Her book is very lively and entertaining.

Pre-war court life provides the setting of another interesting autobiography—"THERE'S ROSEMARY." By H.H. Princess Montesquieu Montluc Siena. With twenty-one illustrations (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.). This is a book of special interest to English readers, from the author's early recollections of intimacy with members of our own Royal House. At Fredensborg, the summer residence of the Danish Royal Family, "my sister and I," she writes, "played hide and seek with Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence, and with his little brother, George, now King of England." Her later friendship with the Duke of Clarence is recalled in a vein of romantic hero-worship, and she mentions

with pride the completion of a monument, originally planned with him, to the memory of his ancestor, King Eric of the Northland. Letters and diaries kept by herself and her husband during the war may be published later. "They form," she says, "a commentary of the secret court history of Europe in 1914-18 which may clear up some of the illusions and propaganda-led caricatures since accepted as true pictures of events and personalities."

While the book is mainly concerned with the doings of royalty, there is one reminiscence which belongs rather to the kingdom of fairyland. Recalling a visit in childhood to some friends in Copenhagen, the author says: "Suddenly our hostess entered, followed by a thin, rather wild-looking gentleman with big, kindly eyes. Perhaps I looked shy, for he stretched out his arms to me at once. 'Come here, little girl,' he said, and once he smiled I knew I should like him very much indeed. I went over to him,

A sombre picture of war-time conditions in the East End of London, as seen by an active pacifist with socialistic ideals, labouring to relieve distress, is painted in "THE HOME FRONT." By E. Sylvia Pankhurst. Illustrated (Hutchinson; 18s.). Although the author tells her story at great length, she carries it only to 1916, reserving for another promised volume her memories of the subsequent war years. Miss Pankhurst, of course, had been one of the pioneers of Militant Suffragism, but in international affairs militancy did not appeal to her, and on the patriotic question she found herself at variance with her mother and her sister, Christabel. It is a pity she could not have worked off some of her anti-war vehemence on the Prussians in July 1914. Her book, at any rate, brings home to us what war means to the poor. Even those who reject her views and her allocation of blame may sympathise with her concluding aspirations towards a co-operative world confederacy from which war would be eliminated. That is what we all want, only opinions differ as to the best way of getting it.

The life-story of one whom, we learn, Mr. Chesterton hailed as "the ablest child's novelist I know" is capably told in "E. NESBIT." A Biography. By Doris Langley Moore. Illustrated (Benn; 15s.). Edith Nesbit (Mrs. Hubert Bland, and later, Mrs. T. T. Tucker) was born in 1858 and died in 1924. Her literary output was enormous. It would have been better for her health, her fame, and her purse, the biographer points out, if she had written less and disposed of her productions more carefully; but "no other English writer for children has produced an equal quantity of wholly admirable work." Her early association with the Fabians, and her literary friendships, make good reading. A remarkable phase of her character was her magnanimity towards her first husband's infidelities. She consented to the adoption of more than one of his unofficial children.

A very charming little book is "THE GIRL THROUGH THE AGES." By Dorothy Margaret Stuart. With forty-five illustrations—two in colour (Harrap; 7s. 6d.)—a companion to "The Boy Through the Ages," by the same author. She carries her historical study of girlhood from antiquity (in Babylonia, Egypt, Greece, and Rome),

through mediaeval times and the Renaissance, to the nineteenth century. The volume would make a good school prize, being instructive as well as readable. Some interesting contrasts might be discovered on comparing it with "THE YOUTH OF RUSSIA TO-DAY." By Hebe Spaul, author of "The United World." Illustrated (Ivor Nicholson; 3s. 6d.). This claims to be the first post-Revolution book on Russia intended primarily for boys and girls. The author believes in international understanding and goodwill. That she has not come entirely to praise may be gathered from her statement that, while the Soviet has done some good work in prison reform, "unhappily, the same cannot at present be said of the treatment of its political prisoners." Her remarks on Communist propaganda abroad imply that we should like the Bolsheviks better if they would mind their own business.

I fear the rest of my team of books—I must not call it the "tail"—is going to be dismissed rather cheaply; still, even a single-figure innings is preferable to a "duck." Humorous studies of everyday life; of men, women, and children (respectively) in fiction; and kindred subjects go to compose "GENERAL IMPRESSIONS." By E. M. Delafield (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.), an amusing volume of sketches by the well-known novelist. Apropos her talk with Lady Rhondda, mentioned above, it may be noted that they are reprinted from the latter's paper, *Time and Tide*. Some parodies of various prose-writers, including Arnold Bennett and Hugh Walpole, recall certain literary games mentioned in the Life of Edith Nesbit. Modern woman's proficiency in outdoor games and sports is admirably represented in "GOLFING MEMORIES AND METHODS." By Joyce Wethered. With fifty-four illustrations (Hutchinson; 10s. 6d.). Miss Wethered, it may be recalled, has been four times Open Champion and five times English Champion in women's golf.

Woman, unhappily, has won prominence in less reputable ways, at various periods. Very different phases of femininity are recorded in "SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS." By Harold Dearden (Hutchinson; 10s. 6d.)—a lurid chronicle of thirty murder cases; while a notorious exponent of another pursuit discouraged by the Decalogue is portrayed in "THE LIFE OF CORA PEARL." By the Baroness von Hutton. With Frontispiece Portrait (Peter Davies; 5s.). This appropriate addition to the Sinners' Library has some historical interest for students of the Second Empire, and in particular, the lives of Napoleon III. and his half-brother, the Duc de Morny. And now, I fear, it is time to "draw stumps."

C. E. B.



OLD PARIS REBUILT IN PROVENCE: PLASTER HOUSES SET UP AT BIOT FOR THE FILMING OF "LES MISÉRABLES."

For the film version of Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," the old St. Antoine quarter of Paris has been reconstituted in the smallest detail at Biot, near Antibes, where some of the scenes are being shot. Our photograph shows a "Paris" street crowded with actors, photographers, and property-men.

and he sat down and lifted me on to his knee. 'There was once a little golden-haired princess, just like you, and I'm going to tell you a story about her,' he began, as all the other children clustered round us. And he started telling us the story of the Princess and the Pea, while we listened enthralled. When he had finished, our hostess



A LAND BATTLE-SHIP SAILING THE HOLLYWOOD SEAS: AN AIR VIEW OF WARNER BROTHERS AND FIRST NATIONAL BACK LOT; WITH A VARIETY OF "SETS." In this photograph of a modern cinema studio may be seen a strange variety of "sets." Half a battle-ship is in the foreground; to its left is a monumental archway; beyond are houses for street scenes; and behind them is a complete baseball arena.

turned to him. 'You should include that in one of your beautiful volumes of Fairy Tales,' she said. 'But—do you think it would be good enough—I only just made it up as I went along,' he replied. And that was the origin of that famous story, made up specially for me." The "wild-looking gentleman" was Hans Christian Andersen.

AIR MYSTERIES REVEALED AFTER MANY DAYS: MOUNTAIN TRAGEDIES.



THE REMAINS OF A FRENCH AIR-LINER, LOST DURING A FLIGHT FROM CORFU TO NAPLES, FOUND FIVE DAYS LATER AT A LONELY SPOT IN THE CALABRIAN HILLS, WITH THREE SURVIVORS IN AN INTACT PORTION OF THE CABIN: THE WRECKAGE OF THE MACHINE, UNDER WHICH THE OTHER FIVE OCCUPANTS WERE PINNED, AND PERISHED.

The French air-liner bound from Corfu to Naples, which had been missing since April 23, was found by a search-party, on the 28th, wrecked in a desolate mountain region of southern Italy, near the village of Saracena. Of the eight people on board the seaplane, five had perished, but three (a woman and two men) were still alive, huddled in the intact aft portion of the cabin. They had subsisted on sandwiches and chocolate, and as the mountain slopes were covered with snow they had not left the cabin. The Prefect of Cosenza, with the local chief of Carabinieri and others, hastened to the spot to render aid, and the survivors were eventually taken to Naples. One of them, Mme. Giguadet, described terrible experiences. The seaplane encountered a violent storm, ran into a fog-bank, and then, apparently getting into an air-pocket, suddenly lost height and crashed against a tree. She and her fellow-survivors strove in vain to release three others still living, but pinned beneath the wreckage. Their sufferings were increased by a heavy snowstorm lasting twenty-four hours. Of the five dead, four were French, including the pilot, M. Corouge, and one American.



THE ITALIAN RESCUE-PARTY REMOVING SURVIVORS OF THE WRECK OF THE FRENCH AIR-LINER: (IN CENTRE) A GROUP OF BEARERS CARRYING ONE OF THEM, MME. GIGUDET, ON A STRETCHER.

THE WRECKAGE OF THE FRENCH AIR-LINER SEEN FROM THE OTHER SIDE, WITH THE TREE ON THE LEFT: A VIEW SHOWING THE DESOLATE SNOW-COVERED MOUNTAIN SLOPES WHERE THE THREE SURVIVORS SUBSISTED FOR FIVE DAYS.

The body of Mr. Bert Hinkler, the famous Australian airman, missing for sixteen weeks, and his wrecked aeroplane (shown in the adjoining photograph on the right), were found a few days ago, by two charcoal-burners, at a remote spot in the Apennine range, north-west of Arezzo, accessible only by mountain paths. The news reached Florence on April 28, and a search-party arrived that afternoon. The airman's body was lying some 300 yards away from, and below, his machine. About 1½ miles away was found the aeroplane's log, showing that after his start from England (for a fast flight to Australia) at 3 a.m. on January 7, he had flown over Paris, Macon, Modane, the Mont Cenis Pass, Spezia, and Florence, which he apparently sighted about 6.55 p.m. He had kept his exact route secret. On his disappearance, reports that he had been sighted in Switzerland led to search being made in the Bernese Oberland. Every honour has been paid to his remains by the Italians, both locally and by the national authorities. A Florentine airman, Signor Magrini, flew to the scene of the accident and dropped wreaths of flowers. The body was taken first to Strada, in Casentino, where women made a Union Jack for the coffin and the local band specially learnt the British National Anthem. Thence the coffin was taken to Florence, and on May 1 was temporarily interred in the Protestant cemetery. The funeral was attended by General Balbo, the Italian Air Minister. Signor Mussolini sent condolences to the British Ambassador.



THE MYSTERY OF MR. BERT HINKLER'S FATE REVEALED AFTER NEARLY FOUR MONTHS: HIS WRECKED AEROPLANE FOUND, SOME 300 YARDS FROM HIS BODY, IN THE PRATOMAGNO MOUNTAINS, IN THE APENNINES NEAR AREZZO.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS OF THE WEEK IN PICTURES.



A FINE SUSSEX BRIDGE SCHEDULED AS A NATIONAL MONUMENT: STOPHAM BRIDGE, WITH ITS EIGHT ARCHES, OVER THE ARUN, NEAR PULBOROUGH. Stopham Bridge is of stone, except the centre arch, which is elliptical and was evidently altered in the 18th or 19th century to facilitate navigation. It has eight arches (one over the causeway)—the total span of the openings being 165 ft. The width of the roadway on the bridge is 12 ft. The gradient of the road on the bridge is steep, but that of the approach roads is slight.



REPLACING
A DESTROYED
TIEPOLO
CEILING IN
THE SCALZI
CHURCH,
VENICE:
ETTORE TITO'S
NEW WORK.

The great painting by Ettore Tito beneath the dome of the Church of the Carmelitani Scalzi, at Venice, was unveiled on April 25, the day of the opening of the new Littorio Bridge to the mainland (illustrated on pages 658 and 659). The famous Tiepolo fresco under this dome was destroyed by an Austrian bomb in 1915. The new painting represents a sacred scene inspired by the Council of Ephesus.



THE NEW FRENCH FIVE-FRANC PIECE: THREE DESIGNS FOR THE NEW COIN.

It was announced recently that the special committee would choose five designs from among the seventy which some fifty artists had on show at the Hotel des Monnaies. From this preliminary selection the design for the new five-franc piece will be chosen, and the new coin will probably appear in October. It will be in nickel, a metal whose hardness is such that it practically wears for ever.



THE ROYAL HOSPITAL SCHOOL, GREENWICH, MOVES TO ITS NEW QUARTERS IN SUFFOLK: SOME OF THE BOYS INSPECTING THEIR NEW "SHIP" AT HOLBROOK.

The boys of the Royal Hospital School recently moved from Greenwich to their new quarters on the estate of Holbrook, Suffolk. The Admiralty had decided that the old quarters were cramped and unsuitable. The new site was presented by the late Mr. G. S. Reade, in admiration of the services of the Navy during the war. The foundation stone was laid by the Duke of York in 1928. The old buildings at Greenwich had housed the School for over two hundred years.



THE WEEK'S
TREASURE
AT THE
VICTORIA
AND ALBERT
MUSEUM:
A BOXWOOD
STATUETTE
OF A WOMAN
HOLDING
A HEART.

Interest in classical art was intense in Europe during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and classical influence is perhaps most noticeable in the small decorative objects of bronze or in hard-woods. During the seventeenth century, to the second quarter of which this Flemish statuette belongs, the figures usually have a certain baroque freedom, and tend to become adaptations rather than copies of classical originals.



THE FUNERAL OF AIR-CHIEF MARSHAL SIR GEOFFREY SALMOND: THE CORTÈGE ON ITS WAY TO ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, HYDE PARK.

The funeral of Air-Chief Marshal Sir Geoffrey Salmond (of whom a short obituary notice appears on the opposite page) was held at St. John's Church, Southwick Crescent, Hyde Park. Both the King and the Prince of Wales were represented at the service. The escort was composed of the Central Band of the R.A.F., and a detachment of thirty officers and 500 men. The Union Jack which covered the coffin was used at the funerals of Earl Haig and Viscount Plumer.



A WELCOME HOME WHICH RESULTED IN OVER THREE HUNDRED INJURIES: THE EVERTON CUP-WINNING TEAM—ON A 1906 COACH—CHEERED BY THE CROWD.

The Everton team, which won the Football Association Cup on April 29, was welcomed with such enthusiasm on its return to Liverpool on May 1 that over 300 people were more or less seriously injured, and the Town Hall was temporarily turned into an ambulance station. The Everton players are seen riding on the coach that carried the last Everton Cup-winning team (1906), driven by the same driver, Mr. Jack Pagenham.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT GREETS MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD AT THE WHITE HOUSE; WITH MRS. ROOSEVELT, MISS ISHBEL MACDONALD, AND CAPTAIN VERNOU (L. TO R.). The Prime Minister arrived at New York on April 21; and went straight to Washington. The Anglo-American conversations had their formal opening at the White House on April 22. The discussions covered currency matters, world price-level, central bank policy, tariffs, and disarmament and war debts. A joint statement that "the purpose of exploring the problems of the World Economic Conference had been admirably served" was issued on April 24.



AN AFRICAN POTENTATE INTERESTED IN THE TRAFFIC LIGHTS IN HYDE PARK: THE EMIR OF KATSINA, WHO IS STAYING IN LONDON; WITH MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY AND SUITE. Alhaji Muhamman Dikko, the Emir of Katsina, who rules over a large territory in Northern Nigeria, arrived in London the other day, and is to stay in this country until the middle of May. His subjects number some 700,000 and inhabit a district covering about 800,000 square miles.



THE TRAGIC DEATH OF LORD LYTON'S HEIR: THE LATE VISCOUNT KNEBWORTH, M.P., IN HIS AEROPLANE.

Lord Knebworth, son and heir of Lord Lyton, was killed in an aeroplane accident at Hendon on May 1, while practising for an Auxiliary Air Force display. He was a Pilot Officer, A.A.F. He would have been thirty on May 13. He boxed for Oxford against Cambridge in 1924 and 1925, winning the welter-weights in both years; and he was an expert ski-runner. In 1931 he became M.P. (Con.) for Hitchin.



MR. HERBERT HINKLER.

The body of Mr. Hinkler, the famous Australian aviator, who had been missing for over three months, was discovered amid the wreckage of his aeroplane near Arezzo. A photograph of this appears on page 645. Mr. Hinkler is to be buried in Australia.



AIR-CHIEF MARSHAL SIR G. SALMOND. Died April 27; aged fifty-four. Recently appointed Chief of the Air Staff. Took up flying, 1913. In command of R.F.C. in Middle East, 1916. A.O. C.-in-C., Air Defence, Great Britain, 1929; having previously commanded in India.



MR. JUSTICE McCARDIE.

Mr. Justice McCordie, whose outspoken statements of his views on certain social and domestic problems had made him famous, was found shot dead in tragic circumstances on April 26. He was called to the Bar in 1894; and was appointed a Judge of the King's Bench Division in 1916. He never took "silk." His summing up of the "Amritsar" case in 1924 incurred much hostile criticism.



SIR F. GATHORNE-HARDY.

Appointed G.O. C.-in-C., Aldershot Command, in succession to General Sir Charles Harington. A Divisional Commander in India; and subsequently took over the Northern Command, 1931. Chief of Staff in Italy under Lord Cavan.



COUNTESS MATTHIEU DE NOAILLES. The well-known French poetess. Died April 30; aged fifty-seven. The first woman Commander of the Legion of Honour. Wrote "L'Ombre des Jours," "Les Eblouissements," "Les Vivants et les Morts," "L'Honneur de Souffrir."



MR. J. WOOLAM.

Mr. J. Woollam (Hooton, Cheshire) won the English Amateur Golf Championship at Ganton on April 28; beating T. A. Bourn (Sunningdale) over 36 holes by 4 holes up and 3 to play.



MR. SPENLOVE-SPENLOVE.

The well-known landscape and figure painter. Died April 30; aged sixty-seven. As Principal of the Spenlove School of Painting, he was very successful as a teacher.

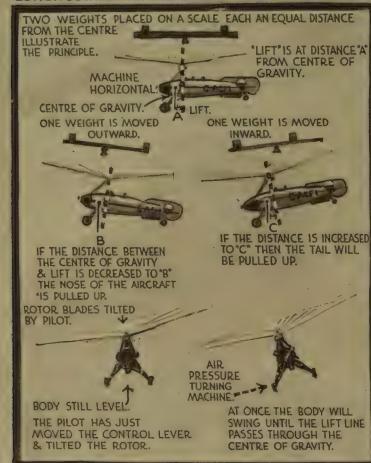


THE ASSASSINATED PRESIDENT OF PERU: COLONEL CERRO (CENTRE) READING THE DECREE AUTHORIZING THE NEW PERUVIAN CONSTITUTION, LAST MONTH. The President of Peru, Colonel Luis Sanchez Cerro, was shot while leaving the Santa Beatriz racecourse on April 30, where he had been holding a review, and subsequently died of his wounds. The assassin was killed. Martial law was subsequently proclaimed. Colonel Cerro returned from exile in 1931, and was elected President of the Republic in October.

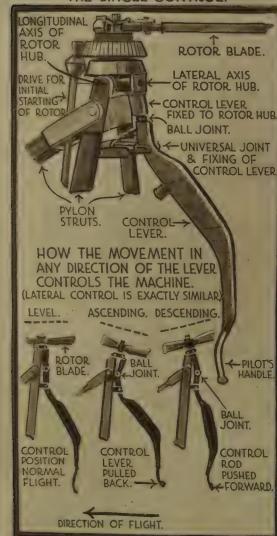
AN AEROPLANE WITHOUT WINGS, AILERONS, ELEVATORS, OR RUDDER: WONDERS OF THE SINGLE-CONTROL AUTOIRO.

DRAWN BY OUR SECRETARY, ANTHONY G. H. DAVIDSON.

LONGITUDINAL & LATERAL CONTROL BY MOVING THE ROTOR.



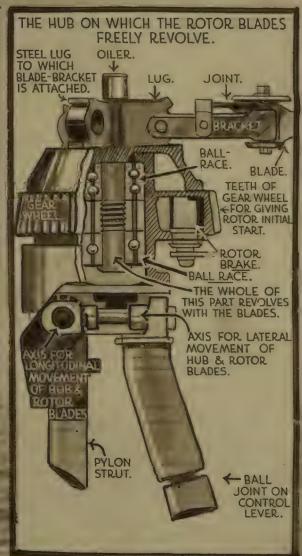
THE SINGLE CONTROL



RECEIVING A MESSAGE FROM THE NEW AUTO GIRO.



THE AEROPLANE IS DEMONSTRATING THAT IT CAN FLY PERFECTLY
AT LESS THAN THE SPEED OF A RUNNING MAN.
THE MAN IS RECEIVING A PACKET DROPPED ON A LINE.



REMARKABLE DEVELOPMENTS OF THE AUTOIRO RECENTLY DEMONSTRATED BY ITS INVENTOR, SEÑOR DE LA CIERVA, AT THE LONDON AIRPORT, HANWORTH.

Señor de la Clerva, who astonished the world of aviation a few years ago with the first of his Autogiro, has just produced a new simplified design which does away with the tail, the wings, and the horizontal stabilizer, namely, ailerons, elevators and rudder. The aircraft is flown by the pilot entirely by means of a single "joy-stick," which is made to tilt the rotor in any desired direction. This new machine is an open two-seater, with 100-h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley "Gemini" motor driving a metal tractor air-screw. Through a clutch and gear, the motor is also used to give the

three 18 ft. 6 in. rotor blades an initial start when the machine is being run up before getting off. Then, as the pilot commences to get away, he releases the drive and the rotor blades remain "free" at an 180° angle to the machine, thus creating the necessary lift and momentum through it. The blades impinging on the air give the necessary lift and sustain the machine in the air. The control lever passes upward to an ingeniously built joint mounted on the pylon-stays below the hub of the rotor. This joint is capable of tilting the hub in any desired direction, and so tilting

the blades that there is perfect directional and lateral control. The rudder is no longer controlled by the pilot's feet, but becomes simply a rudder with an upper and lower rudder, in controlling the aircraft, particularly on the "turns."

As is generally known, this type of aircraft can come down almost vertically, and on landing the "run" is negligible. It is generally known, however, that the take-off is equally remarkable. When fully loaded and taking off in a dead calm, the machine only takes a twenty-five yard run, and when lightly loaded, with only a five-mile-an-hour

freeze blowing, the machine has been taken off in fifteen feet, a truly remarkable performance for small-powered aircraft. The small tail-plane is only carried to stabilise the machine and neutralise the torque, otherwise having a plane with an ordinary lifting surface, and on the other side the plane reversed, giving a negative lift. The machine has a very high factor of safety, and, even with the engine shut off, can glide to earth. The pilot has perfect control at the lowest speed. The top speed attainable

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK:

NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



THE FASTEST MILITARY AIRCRAFT IN THE WORLD: THE NEW HAWKER "FURY," CAPABLE OF 250 M.P.H.; SHOWING THE ELLIPTICAL WINGS AND STREAMLINED WHEEL "FAIRINGS." This new experimental aeroplane has been produced by the H. G. Hawker Engineering Company, and supplied to the order of the Royal Air Force. Its estimated speed is 250 miles an hour. The machine is a development of the Hawker "Fury," the single-seat interceptor fighter already used by the R.A.F., with an improved Rolls-Royce Kestrel engine. It is to make its first public appearance at the R.A.F. display at Hendon on June 24.



THE INITIALLING OF THE ANGLO-ARGENTINE TRADE AGREEMENT: DR. JULIO ROCA (SITTING, LEFT), HEAD OF THE ARGENTINE MISSION, AND MR. WALTER RUNCIMAN; WITH ARGENTINE REPRESENTATIVES STANDING BEHIND.

Mr. Walter Runciman, President of the Board of Trade, speaking as guest of honour at the seventy-third annual dinner of the Association of British Chambers of Commerce on April 27, announced that on that afternoon the Government had initialled the heads of a trade agreement with Argentina. He said that the distinguished representatives of Argentina, who had been in the country for some months and had entered into those negotiations on behalf of Argentina, were leaving well satisfied with the agreement. The actual signing took place at the Foreign Office on May 1.



THE OPENING OF THE Y.M.C.A. BUILDING AT JERUSALEM BY LORD ALLENBY: THE CEREMONY OF THE PRESENTATION OF THE KEYS AT THE MAIN PORTAL.

On April 18 Lord Allenby formally opened the new Y.M.C.A. building at Jerusalem—one of the finest modern buildings in the Holy City, as we illustrated in our issue of April 15. More than 1500 people attended the dedication ceremony, which was held in the domed auditorium to the right of the main entrance. The building owes its existence to the generosity of an American millionaire, the late Mr. James Jarvie.



THE SISTER-SHIP OF THE ILL-FATED "AKRON": THE U.S. NAVY DIRIGIBLE "MACON" PHOTOGRAPHED JUST BEFORE HER MAIDEN FLIGHT.

In perfect weather, the newly-completed U.S. Navy dirigible "Macon," sister-ship of the "Akron," which fell into the sea, left Akron, Ohio, on April 21 on her first flight, in charge of Commander Dresel. She remained in the air for thirteen hours. On April 23 she again took off, with 105 people on board, for climbing and diving tests, which were successfully carried out. The "Macon" is now the largest airship in the world.



NAZI MAY DAY IN BERLIN: PRESIDENT VON HINDENBURG AND CHANCELLOR HITLER DRIVING TO THE TEMPELHOFERFELD.

On the occasion of the first Nazi May Day, a public holiday on which workers received their day's pay, Herr Hitler, Chancellor of the Reich, addressed directly an audience of over a million people on the Tempelhof Field—perhaps the greatest human gathering there has ever been. In fact, Herr Hitler was speaking by wireless to the whole nation, which he called at one point "My German people."



"AKRON" WRECKAGE SALVED FROM THE SEA BOTTOM: A TANGLE OF SMASHED METAL; ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE AIRSHIP'S CONTROL-CAR.

After the disaster to the "Akron," the world's largest airship, grappling operations were promptly undertaken at the scene of her disappearance in the sea. On April 18 the body of the dirigible was located, and the U.S.S. "Falcon," as our photograph shows, raised with grappling irons a large section of the starboard side and bottom of the "Akron's" control-car. No bodies were brought to the surface with the salvaged wreckage.

HITLER-WORSHIP: THE NAZI LEADER PORTRAYED FOR THE PEOPLE OF GERMANY.



THOUSANDS OF RELIEFS OF THE HEAD OF HERR ADOLF HITLER, THE NAZI LEADER AND CHANCELLOR OF THE REICH, FASHIONED FOR HIS FOLLOWERS THROUGHOUT GERMANY: POLISHING THE METAL PORTRAITS.



ADOLF HITLER



HERR HITLER'S FORTY-FOURTH BIRTHDAY HONOURED BY THE STATE PORCELAIN FACTORY AT MEISSEN: THE PORTRAIT PLAQUE IN CHINA WHICH HAS JUST BEEN ADDED TO THE POPULAR WARES.



A BATCH OF THE METAL HITLER RELIEFS BEING WHEELED TO THE FINISHING-ROOM FOR POLISHING; AND A FINISHED RELIEF, COMPLETE WITH SWASTIKA.



METAL HITLER RELIEFS READY FOR DISTRIBUTION THROUGHOUT GERMANY, WHERE THOUSANDS HAVE ALREADY BEEN SOLD TO ARDENT FOLLOWERS OF THE CORPORAL WHO BECAME NAZI LEADER AND GERMAN CHANCELLOR.

IT need hardly be said that Hitler-worship is an outstanding feature of modern German life, and that it is manifested in many ways. One of the latest is here illustrated; and it would seem that portraits of the Nazi leader will be as evident throughout Germany as are portraits of Signor Mussolini in Italy. Recently—to be precise, on April 20—Herr Hitler's forty-fourth birthday was celebrated with enthusiasm, and it was on this occasion that President von Hindenburg sent him a telegram in which he expressed his genuine gratitude for the great patriotic work he had done and has still to do. Broadcasting, of course, played its part in the proceedings; and the German wireless programmes began with the presentation of a panoramic word-play dealing with Herr Hitler's active life—from the War days during which he was a corporal in the trenches to the pageantry at Potsdam when the new Reichstag was "dedicated" last March. In which connection, it is interesting to recall the "Times's" note that pauses in broadcasting are no longer marked in Germany by the ticking of a clock, but by a bar of the Nazi "battle song" "A Nation in Arms."

MOK AND MOINA'S ALL-WEATHER HOME: THE NEW GORILLA HOUSE AT THE "ZOO."



THE NEW GORILLA HOUSE WITH THE SOUTH HALF AS A COVERED SPACE FOR THE PUBLIC: SHOWING THE UPPER CLERESTORY WINDOW OF THE GORILLAS' PERMANENT HOME IN THE NORTH HALF.



MOINA, THE FEMALE GORILLA, WHO IS ABOUT NINE YEARS OLD AND WEIGHS EXACTLY NINE-AND-A-HALF STONE.



THE SOUTHERN HALF OF THE NEW GORILLA HOUSE (WITH THE MOVABLE WALL AND ROOF ROLLED BACK WITHIN THE NORTHERN HALF) AS A SUMMER PLAYGROUND FOR THE ANIMALS: (IN FOREGROUND) THE OUTER RAIL TO PREVENT THE PUBLIC COMING NEAR ENOUGH TO CONVEY INFECTION.



THE INTERIOR OF THE SOUTHERN HALF, WITH THE MOVABLE COVER BEING DRAWN ACROSS TO FORM AN INNER SPACE FOR THE PUBLIC WITH GRADED FLOOR-LEVELS: (LEFT) THE CENTRAL GLASS SCREEN BEHIND WHICH THE GORILLAS WILL APPEAR IN WINTER.

The new Gorilla House at the "Zoo," built for Mok and Moina, the fine pair of gorillas from the French Congo acquired last autumn, was officially shown on April 28. It was designed, following instructions of Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell (Secretary of the Zoological Society), by Mr. B. Lubetkin, of Messrs. Tecton Ltd., a well-known firm of British architects, and embodies new features. The open-air cage, to be used in summer for the gorillas, can be converted in winter into a space for the public, by means of movable walls and roof—first, a window of sliding glass panels between the two cages, closed in winter to confine the gorillas to their winter quarters and prevent infection of these delicate animals by the public; secondly, a revolving roof and screen wall which closes in the open-air cage. In summer this structure slides round behind



MOK, THE MALE GORILLA, WHO IS JUST OVER SEVEN YEARS OLD AND WEIGHS FIVE-AND-A-HALF STONE.



THE FEMALE GORILLA LOOKING VERY LIKE "KING KONG" OF FILM FAME: AN IMPOSING PORTAIT OF MOINA AT THE "ZOO."

the winter cage, and the building has accordingly been made circular, and divided into two halves. The winter cage is in the northern half and is lit by a clerestory window admitting the south sun. Thus the gorillas get the maximum of sunlight in the winter, while the public are saved from having light in their eyes and their reflections in the glass screens, and at the same time enjoy, as it were, a stage view of the animals brightly lit, while being themselves in semi-darkness.

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

A MECHANICAL MIRACLE.

AS a piece of kinematic craftsmanship, "King Kong," at the Coliseum, is an amazing achievement, written in the vein of fantastic melodrama that was Mr. Edgar Wallace at his best, and directed by Mr. Ernest Schoedsack and Mr. Merian Cooper with all the technical skill and imaginative showmanship that established "Chang" and "Grass" as classics of the screen. To say that the film is terrifying and even horrible in many places is to pay the highest possible tribute to its makers, since everyone knows that the gigantic, prehistoric creatures that writhe and snarl and battle through it are the product of mechanical ingenuity—even King Kong himself, the monstrous ape fifty feet high, mammoth survivor of a forgotten world, is only a synthetic creation vitalised by the power of photography. Yet so appallingly life-like, so incredibly agile, predatory, and nightmarish, are these composite creatures of earth and water and air that their every appearance causes a thrill in the onlooker, a thrill sharpened with genuine terror, and keen with curiosity as to how the thing could possibly have been done. This is definitely not a picture for the squeamish, nor for superior persons who would dismiss its weird effects loftily as camera trickery. But behind the brilliance of its technical aspects, those who are neither squeamish nor superior may discern the working of an imagination that, however violently it expresses itself on

History in New York. He was responsible for the models used in the silent-film version of Sir Conan Doyle's story, "The Lost World," a fantastic melodrama similar in many aspects to "King Kong," but far outstripped in sensational achievement by the latter. Some eight years of kinematic progress lie between the two productions, and during that time Mr. O'Brien has brought his work very near perfection. He and his assistants worked for a year on a secluded stage, duplicating museum skeletons of prehistoric beasts, reptiles, and birds, clothing them with skins, hair, and scales, and bringing them to mechanical life. Incidentally, the whole idea of this picture owed its inception to a drawing by Mr. O'Brien of some extinct beast that caught the eye and fired the imagination of Mr. Cooper, who perceived the value of endowing one of the giant beasts with a higher intelligence than the rest, a faint glimmer of thought. And the most remarkable feature of the film is that Mr. O'Brien has been able to suggest the dim groping of an obscure mind in his colossal piece of mechanism.

Photography, with its multiple exposures—in the skyscraper scenes seven distinct shots have been merged into a composite timed to a split second—accounts for the convincing ensemble of actuality and mechanism. But the task of animating the models must have been stupendous. Only one-sixteenth of a foot, we are told—therefore a fraction of a movement—could be photographed at a time, and a total of twenty feet was the outcome of the best ten-hour day. The result is remarkable, even if you only regard it as a specimen of superlative fake. Without wishing to insult the ticeratops or the brontosaurus, the tyrannosaurus or the pterodactyl, I wish Kong had been allowed to roam his kingdom in splendid isolation. That heavy, lumbering form, that great head shaken in anger, the outraged dignity of a fallen monarch harnessed to huge cross-beams for puny man to gape at, the almost pathetic bewilderment caused by his own wounds, cut through all the sensationalism of the picture with an eerie suggestion of the dawn of the world, and in so far justify the whole amazing monument of craft.

doubt it, but I hope I may be mistaken. It is possible that the great majority of filmgoers will find its singleness of purpose, its almost complete lack of the comedy element, little to their taste. Others, again, may view it from the standpoint of "Just another war-film," and repeat the parrot-cry of "We've had enough of them." Finally, in the case of a book so widely read as Mr. Hemingway's, there is always a large contingent of people who



THE FILM OF MR. ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S FAMOUS NOVEL, "A FAREWELL TO ARMS": GARY COOPER AS THE YOUNG AMERICAN SERVING WITH THE ITALIAN AMBULANCE CORPS; HELEN HAYES AS THE BRITISH NURSE; AND ADOLPHE MENJOU AS RINALDI, THE ITALIAN OFFICER.

This film had its European première at the Carlton Theatre on April 27. It was produced by Frank Borzage, and turns round the love of Frederick Henry, a lieutenant in the Italian Ambulance Corps, for Catherine Barkley, an English hospital nurse, against a spectacular background of the turmoil of war.

seek comparison between the written page and its dramatisation, finding in the necessarily swifter outlining of situations and development of characters a stumbling-block in their enjoyment of a stage or screen version. They may find some justification in the rather perfunctory characterisation of two collateral figures who serve their turn in carrying the story to its tragic conclusion well enough, but must remain content with that. They suggest motives which the director has no time to explain, and we must perforce accept them at their face value.

Nor, if we judge the picture as a picture, can this be accounted a fault in construction, for it focusses our whole attention on the two chief characters, the war-nurse on the Italian front, and the young American lieutenant serving in the Italian ambulance corps. Their first meeting, brought about by the American's friend—his "war-brother," as Major Rinaldi (admirably played by Mr. Adolphe Menjou)—describes himself—changes the whole world for these two. Their love waives all minor considerations. The war parts them. Major Rinaldi, in a mistaken endeavour to save his friend from the disturbing influence of an "affair," as he considers it, intercepts their correspondence. The girl's hospital chum, in an *élan* of bitterness and reproach, refuses to reveal the refuge across the Swiss border sought out by her friend in expectant motherhood. But neither they nor war, nor the disgrace of desertion or the fear of death can part this Hero and Leander. It is, in the first place, the director's achievement that this love story has a quality of splendid simplicity, a spiritual stanchness reducing martial law, the red-tape of the hospitals, and the grim tragedy of battle to the same level of futility. But he has been fortunate in the choice of Mr. Gary Cooper and Miss Helen Hayes for the leading parts. Mr. Cooper is an actor who rises to inspiration



"FORTY-SECOND STREET," THE MUSICAL FILM WHICH HAD ITS ENGLISH PREMIÈRE AT THE REGAL ON APRIL 28: WARNER BAXTER AS THE REVUE PRODUCER, WORKING WITH A MODEL THEATRE AT THE MOMENT WHEN HE RECEIVES THE NEWS THAT HIS LEADING LADY HAS SLAPPED HIS PRINCIPAL BACKER'S FACE, WITH THE CONSEQUENCE THAT THE LATTER HAS WITHDRAWN HIS SUPPORT.

this particular occasion, is always aware of really big things.

Messrs. Schoedsack and Cooper know how to build up an atmosphere of dread. They have completely mastered *l'art de la préparation*. The ominous presence of an unknown and colossal power, a Thing beyond the ken of modern man, roaming the virgin forest behind the huge protective wall built up by a native tribe on an uncharted island, filters through the opening chapters of the picture, even though in these the expedition, headed by an enthusiastic film-director, is still within safe harbour. The tension grows as the ship approaches its destination, and thereafter the picture crashes on from sensation to sensation, through jungle and swamp, with a handful of whites in pursuit of the ape-god and his blonde captive, to New York, where the monster, himself a captive, snaps his chains, runs amok on Broadway, and meets death on the spire of the city's tallest building. The drama of brute strength pitted against human intelligence flames up ever and again, and owes its touch of primitive magnificence to the audacity of conception and masterly realisation of the two directors.

But the real miracle-worker is the man who made King Kong. He is Mr. Willis O'Brien, who, in addition to being one of Hollywood's finest technicians, has done considerable work for the American Museum of Natural



AN AMUSING SCENE FROM THE FULL-SCALE REVIEW ROUND WHICH THE STORY OF "FORTY-SECOND STREET" TURNS: A HONEYMOON COUPLE IN THE TRAIN (CENTRE), WHICH IS SEEN IN SECTION FORM.

"Forty-Second Street" shows Julian Marsh, a famous producer, ailing in health, starting work on a musical spectacle which he hopes will make enough for him to retire on. The show is backed by a wealthy old man who is in love with the leading lady. A crisis arises when she quarrels with this wealthy supporter; but eventually the succession of lovers' tiffs which caused it are righted; and happiness comes to all but Marsh, who gets little thanks for triumphing over almost insurmountable difficulties.

"A FAREWELL TO ARMS."

Mr. Frank Borzage has brought a very beautiful picture from the pages of a famous book, "A Farewell to Arms," by Mr. Ernest Hemingway. Whether it enjoys the popularity that finds its expression in a phenomenally long run remains to be seen. Personally, I am inclined to

when he has a part worthy of his powers. In "A Farewell to Arms" he discovers a depth of feeling, all the more poignant for its restraint, and a steadfastness so great that it touches the heroic even in desertion. Miss Hayes brings to the portrayal of the girl a tender courage and a fine sincerity.

DEVICES THAT BRING "MICKEY MOUSE" AND THE "SILLY SYMPHONIES" TO LIFE — AND TO SCREEN STARDOM.

"THE appeal of Mickey Mouse," writes Mr. Doré Silverman, in a most entertaining article, "is unrestricted, and is confined to no one type of film-goer. Why, even the most elevated of the brows among the members of the Film Society, even those who mourned the 'deterioration' of the Society because it had at last permitted a sound-film to be included in its programme, relaxed and prepared to laugh long and loud when the mere name of Mickey was thrown on the Tivoli screen. What is his appeal? His extravagant antics, of course. But what else? I can only say for myself that I like the serious industry he applies to anything on hand. I like the ludicrous—but always necessary, if you stop to consider it—manner in which he goes about the seemingly impossible, and I am forced to admire his self-satisfying confidence. Mr. Disney's film career, he told me, commenced in 1920, when he was working in the American Middle-West in a commercial art-studio. For a period he was on a night shift, and towards midnight he often heard scratching against the metal wires of the waste-baskets which held the discarded lunch-boxes of the staff.



MICKEY MOUSE, THE "STAR" COMEDIAN WHO HAS RAISED THE ANIMATED CARTOON FROM THE POSITION OF A "SHORT," USED TO FILL UP PROGRAMMES, TO THAT OF A LEADING FEATURE: THE "WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS RODENT"; WITH HIS CREATOR, MR. WALTER DISNEY.

It was the mice, nibbling their evening meal. From being merely interested in the rodents, Disney became fascinated, tamed a number of them, and soon had a dozen of them living happily in a cage, where he fed them regularly. One became so friendly that the artist allowed it on his desk while he worked. 'Mickey was actually born in a train in which I was travelling between New York and Hollywood,' his creator told me; 'yet the germ of him must have been in me when I knocked about back-yards with other boys, for I have always loved animals.' Then, one day, soon after the war, Disney and his brother, Roy, hit on the idea of making moving-picture cartoons in an empty box-room which happened to be handy. Fifteen hundred drawings went to the making of each cartoon, and Walter drew them all. He also wrote the scenarios (which detail every action and change of scene in a story) and built the sets. Soon their work began to attract notice, and, after selling their first film for £300, which meant about a hundred per cent. profit, Walter was asked to make a series of the cartoons, with a rabbit as the central character: you may, perhaps,



THE GERM OF AN ANIMAL DANCE: MR. DISNEY WATCHES HIS ASSISTANTS DO A BOISTEROUS BIT OF REHEARSING.

recall 'Oswald the Rabbit.' Disney made twenty-six of them, but his heart was not really in the work. A rabbit is rather a dumb creature, and he could not conceive it expressing or conveying joy, or any emotion at all. If only he could use another animal, such as . . . Then inspiration came to him. He thought of the pets he had made in 1920. Why not a mouse? Disney and a group of friends laboured hard to produce Mickey Mouse cartoons, but, when perfection was reached, a cruel blow was dealt them. The sound-film had arrived, and Mickey could not emit the tiniest squeak. Another weary round of the studios began. It took weeks of pleading, urging, and cajoling before an independent company in New York agreed to give vocal chords to the mute Mickey.

Even then there was another difficult problem: to sell the completed films, and eventually only the tiny Colony Theatre in New York agreed to take them, 'to fill up the programme.' But Disney's battles were now over. The American public stopped, looked, and raved. Mickey was famous, and soon he was not only showing in the giant Roxy Cinema in New York, but was actually being advertised along with the famous (human) stars, the first time a 'short' film had been accorded such an honour. To-day, Disney owns a big film-studio in Hollywood, in the suburbs of Los Angeles. Over it is an

electric sign of the name 'Walt. Disney,' and over the name is another electric sign, a giant Mickey Mouse with hands outstretched in welcome! It would seem hardly necessary to analyse the great appeal of Mickey. He is human, he is cheerful, he is worried (although not for long) by the things which worry us, and he is amazingly versatile. He can play any musical instrument; he can perform any dance; he can execute any evolution. He is a great lover, singer, soldier, sailor, toreador, jockey, prize-fighter, speedway racer, aviator, farmer, scholar, train-driver, and a hundred other characters. He lives in a world where the laws of space, time, and physics do not run. He can use the squawking of ducks in rhythmical part-song or the teeth of a quadruped for castanets. He can lead a band or play violin solos; his ingenuity is limitless, and he never fails. For him there is very nearly no law of gravity—although Mr. Disney cleverly refuses to discard it altogether: Mickey must be a little *like us* in order to be *of us*, he wisely argues. Mickey Mouse film cartoons are produced in the same serious, painstaking way as any Norma Shearer or Maurice Chevalier film, except that artists and art-processes take the place of actors. The method is briefly summarised thus: To commence with, a 'gag' meeting is held in the studios (a 'gag' is a comical idea or sequence, such as a man slipping up on a banana-skin). Here ideas are talked over and roughly outlined. Scenario-writers then compose a regulation script, which adapters break down to sequences, scenes, and shots. The scenic department designs the background, and then three kinds of artists commence work. The first are 'animators,' who sit at two long rows of specially made desks, working by light that streams through a central glass. These men develop the gags, but draw only the beginning



MR. DISNEY'S LATEST TRIUMPH—THE COLOURED ANIMATED CARTOON: A SCENE FROM "BIRDS IN THE SPRING."

(Photograph Supplied by United Artists.)



SOUND-EFFECT MEN IN ACTION AT MR. WALTER DISNEY'S STUDIOS: THE "MICKEY MOUSE" AND "SILLY SYMPHONY" FACTORY, IN WHICH OVER 1000 DIFFERENT DRUMS AND OTHER NOISE-MACHINES ARE USED TO GET THE SYNCHRONISED "NOISES OFF."



THE DELICATE BUSINESS OF SYNCHRONISING MUSIC WITH THE ACTION OF A "MICKEY MOUSE" FILM: ONE OF MR. DISNEY'S MUSICAL DIRECTORS AT WORK.

and end of an action. Their sketches are passed to 'in-betweeners,' who draw the small, delicately-graded changes that make motion kinetic, after the manner of the 'thumb' picture-books of our childhood days, when, by the thumb releasing quickly pages of a small book of pictures, each of which differed slightly from the previous one, the effect of motion pictures was obtained. Thirdly, the 'inkers' place a transparent square of celluloid on the drawing and boldly outline on the celluloid, in ink. From the photographic point of view, all that is necessary in the making of a cartoon film is a camera that can be made to expose one frame, or picture, at a time (after the manner of the pocket camera), stop with the shutter closed, and wait until it is required to expose the next frame. To photograph the cartoons, the camera is placed in a fixed mount, pointing down on the board on which the drawings are placed, and focussed so that its field coincides exactly with the area of the drawing. Over the latter there is placed a plate-glass cover in a frame, hinged to swing up out of the way when the drawings are being changed, and which fits down over the drawings tightly and firmly enough to prevent any wrinkles. A motor-drive, working through a clutch, exposes one 'frame' each time a button is pressed. Music, of course, plays a most important part, and the task of fitting music and action calls for the most studied and concentrated effort, for the two go hand in hand. Below each drawing the action is described, and above it is the musical outline. This is so developed that it is possible to know definitely that a specified action will occur at a certain bar of music, or, conversely, that when a certain bar of music is being played, a certain action is taking place. Put simply, when Mickey treads on a dog's tail, the howl of pain from the dog must be heard just when that animal's mouth opens to emit it. The standard speed for the projection of talking pictures being 24 frames per second, this number is used as a unit, and the music is arranged so that a new bar is commenced each second, or each 24 frames. Thus it can be ascertained that if a certain sound-effect is in bar No. 100, its accompanying action is in frame 2400. With this time-check, the orchestra can record the music while the cartoonists are, independently, making the drawings, and it is known that when both are completed the two will fit perfectly, so that when Mickey opens his mouth to sing, the sound of his song will be on the sound-track (which is found on the edge of the celluloid strip) alongside the picture of the action. And this is the case even though the sound may be recorded a month before the mouth is drawn and photographed! Mr. Disney, at the risk of shocking Einstein, controls speed. The movement is made fast or slow, smooth or jerky, by the spacing of the drawings of the individual phases of motion, and by the number of frames allowed for each drawing. For smooth action, closely-spaced drawings are used: for jerky action, the phases are spaced farther apart. To speed action, one frame per drawing is used; to delay it, more frames for each drawing. Not unnaturally, Mr. Disney often watches



AN ALARMING MOMENT FROM MR. DISNEY'S NEW "SILLY SYMPHONY"—"BIRDS IN THE SPRING."

(Photograph Supplied by United Artists.)

THE ANTICS OF AN UNFAILING COMEDIAN PRODUCED BY MATHEMATICS AND THE HIGHEST MECHANICAL INGENUITY.

animals to study their true motion, and spends hours studying slow-motion films of animals in action. As it takes 7000 to 10,000 drawings to make one reel (700 feet) of 'Mickey Mouse' film, Mr. Disney has devised a number of labour-saving devices. For instance, if in one scene Mickey is standing still, but talking or gesticulating, it is not necessary to draw his body continually. This is drawn but once for this scene, and copied; only the changes in position of arms, legs, lips, and so forth are created anew. Similarly, when a character repeats a movement, or makes the same movement against the same background, the original drawings are again utilised. Such is the biography of the world's most popular film-star. Like Chaplin, Mickey refuses to talk, recognising that by speaking no language he is understood in all languages. That is why the Germans adore their Michal Maus, the French their Michel Souris, the Spaniards their Miguel Ratoncito and Miguel Pericote; the Italians, Michele Jopolino; the Greeks (they have a word for it!), Mikel Mus, and the Japanese, Miki Kuchi. More, Mickey has now reached the



THE MAN WHO PRODUCES MOST OF THE STRANGE NOISES THAT ARE HEARD IN A "MICKEY MOUSE" FILM: PINTO COLVIG (ONCE A "BARKER" OR, ANNOUNCER—WITH A CIRCUS) EMITTING A HOWL FOR "PLUTO," MICKEY'S CANINE FRIEND.



A HIGH-POWERED CAMERA WHICH PHOTOGRAPHS EACH SEPARATE MOVEMENT OF THE HAND-DRAWN CARTOON ON A FRESH EXPOSURE; SHOWING, ON THE TABLE, THE FRAME WHICH HOLDS DOWN THE SUPERIMPOSED DRAWINGS ON TRANSPARENT CELLULOID.

pinnacle of fame—he is 'in' Madame Tussaud's! Mickey has even earned the attention of various censorships. Germany objected that it was offensive to her national dignity for an army of cats wearing German military helmets to chase an army of mice. One American censor 'cut' not Mickey, but his friend Clara the Cow, just because she was reading Elinor Glyn's 'Three Weeks'! Yet another came down heavily because he deemed Mickey to be the victim of mental delusions! But such things do not hinder his triumphal progress. The garage in which the first Mickey saw the light of celluloid has become a £100,000 motion-picture producing plant, and his progenitor, Mr. Disney, has just announced a budget of £160,000 for the making of thirty-one films in the coming year." In conclusion, we may note that it was announced recently that Mickey Mouse was following the human comedians into the "feature length" class of film. It was stated that Mr. Disney had signed a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer by which Mickey was to appear in a full-length comedy with human actors.

Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

A GHOST story is a hit-or-miss affair. Any shot that does not score a bull's-eye must be reckoned a failure—an interesting failure, perhaps, but still a failure. This, of course, is only true when the author's chief object is to make the supernatural yield a "thrill": if he only uses it as an accompaniment to his story, a means of getting away from the limitations imposed by actuality, the field of possible success is very much enlarged. Nathaniel Hawthorne achieved wonderful results from his tentative, fugitive excursions into the supernatural: but he conducted them with the utmost caution, all the time professing scepticism and drawing his reader's attention to the probably natural explanation of these curious phenomena. He seldom took the risk of introducing a regulation ghost.

Mr. Hugh Walpole is one of the greatest living masters of the *macabre*. But I think that "All Souls' Night" shows the danger, even for the expert, of bringing a ghost into the open. The best stories in the collection are those which keep the supernatural at arm's length, which present it as a vague, disquieting possibility. "Tarnhelm," a were-wolf story, is too explicit, and "Mrs. Lunt" suffers from the same defect. But "The Whistle," in which the direct application of the supernatural is limited to a sentence or two, is extremely effective; and still better, considered as works of art, are "The Oldest," "Talland," "Portrait in Shadow," and "The Silver Mask." The last-named is a masterpiece. A kind of fable, it preaches a dreadful lesson to those whose generosity outruns their discretion.

"Martin's Summer" is, in the literal sense of the word, a very watery tale. The hero is a swimming instructor in a Tyrolean health-resort. Miss Vicki Baum is fully aware of the separate life of the senses. She is not content with telling us that Martin spent a great part of his time in the water: she tells us exactly how he felt during his frequent immersions. Indeed, she is very much preoccupied with his sensations. During most of the story he is underfed, practically starving; half-way through he contracts blood-poisoning; soon he is in a high fever; in the last chapter he appears to be dying. Not a very cheerful story, you will say. Yet, strangely enough, "Martin's Summer" is not a depressing book. Miss Vicki Baum has used Martin's wretched physical state as the foundation for a lovely idyll, the charm and originality of which give it a very high place among recent novels.

Most novelists see the future as an age of perfected machinery, with men as slaves to the machines. Not so Mr. John Collier. He foresees, at the close of the present century, the return of the Dark Ages. Humanity has almost succeeded in destroying itself. The survivors live together in little groups under a chieftain. The old men, who can remember "civilisation," are, in spite of changed conditions, mentally and emotionally like people of our own day. The youths are simply barbarians. When they find themselves short of wives, they carry them off from a neighbouring group, as the Romans did the Sabine women. Harry, Mr. Collier's hero, was a splendid creature, but he could not keep the affections of the girl he had stolen from the men of Swindon. The action of the story, which moves swiftly and excitingly, turns on the "rape" of Rose, and her revenge. "Tom's a-Cold" is a very imaginative piece of work, well written, well told. Perhaps the author spends too much time enlarging on the social conditions which will prevail in the year 1995; but who knows?—his story may prove a useful handbook to our descendants. At the present moment its prophecies seem more likely to be fulfilled than those (say) of "Brave New World."

"Julian Grant Loses His Way" is a story told in mysterious circumstances—the clue to which will very likely occur to the discerning reader sooner than it did to me. Mr. Claude Houghton makes his setting mysterious, and with reason: he wants to put his hero *sub specie aeternitatis*. Julian Grant was brought up by his eccentric father out of the world: consequently, when he entered it (with a considerable fortune at his back) he acted as an experimentalist. For a time Stella fulfilled her name. She was his lode-star. But he had an enquiring

mind and a restless, ruthless temperament: he suffered, and inflicted suffering. Mr. Houghton has written a curious story, the intention of which is not quite clear. In spite of its wit and cleverness, it leaves one perplexed and depressed.

Miss Sylvia Thompson's new novel, "Helena," is also an experiment—or, rather, it is the history of an experiment. Helena, like Julian Grant, had been brought up in seclusion, a seclusion that implied hostility to the world and its standards. Loathing the social round, her father had taken her, a mere child, to an island in the Mediterranean: he put into her head many ideas which, while still under his tutelage, she accepted without question. Nor did she modify them when he died, and she came to England to live with her mother. She was profoundly shocked by the flippancy and pettiness of her new acquaintances. Above all, she felt that love ought not to be influenced by considerations of expediency. Her brother-in-law, who was as much in love with her as she was with him, did not see eye to eye with her in this. She regarded his scruples as ignoble; she hated the system of illicit love, with all its subterfuges, that was accepted in her mother's world. She is like a beautiful statue that should

The *fiesta* goes to his head; the *pulque*, a strong spirit, very cheap in those parts, goes to his head; and the women he meets intoxicate him too. Rather sullenly and sadly, he abandons himself to the pleasures of the town. He is not ashamed of his degradation, but his pride (his dominant quality) is bitterly wounded by the taunts and teasing of the half-breed, Miguel. Miguel, the aristocrat, gets increasingly on his nerves. Juan knows but one way of wiping out an insult; his heart is set on vengeance. Mr. Williamson's insight into Juan's psychology—so simple, yet so complex—is uncanny. We feel ourselves in contact with an order of intelligence different from our own, but self-consistent and moving in accordance with its own laws. "Sad Indian" will not be to everybody's taste, but it is a fine novel.

"God's Little Acre" is a much less successful attempt to portray the workings of primitive minds. Mr. Caldwell's characters, Americans of South Carolina, are white; a few negroes are introduced who make comments on the behaviour of Ty Ty, the gold digger, and his restless, amorous progeny. Certainly their behaviour is sufficiently extraordinary. It ends, as might be expected, in murder, after a lot of indiscriminate love-making. The story is consciously, and unconsciously, funny; otherwise it has not much to recommend it.

We have now definitely entered the penumbra of crime. "The Paradine Case" is the story of a murder-trial which caused a great stir in the polite world. Sir Malcolm Keane, briefed to defend the lovely, enigmatic Mrs. Paradine, fell in love with her; Lord Horfield, the Judge, who disliked Keane, fell in love with his wife. The account of the trial takes nearly two hundred pages, but it is very exciting—as is, indeed, the whole story. Though slightly over-long, it is one of the best the author has given us for many years.

"Storm Tarn," a first novel, is amateurish by comparison. The murder is staged in the Lake District. Jael could not stand her gloomy, tyrannical husband, and we cannot blame her; Sollitt's son (by his first wife) loathed him as much as Jael did. If Princess Troubetzkoy had introduced some elements of nobility into Sollitt's character, the story would have been more tragic. It ends in confusion—a pity, for the earlier chapters are by no means devoid of promise.

The action of "R.I.P." takes place in a single night. The quick rattle of Mr. Macdonald's dialogue (trivial as some of it is) undoubtedly affects the reader's nerves, and gives a feeling of tension and suspense. The device by which the murderer is made to hesitate before accounting for his third victim, is dramatically effective and psychologically convincing; otherwise the story,

exciting as it is, has not much relation to ordinary life.

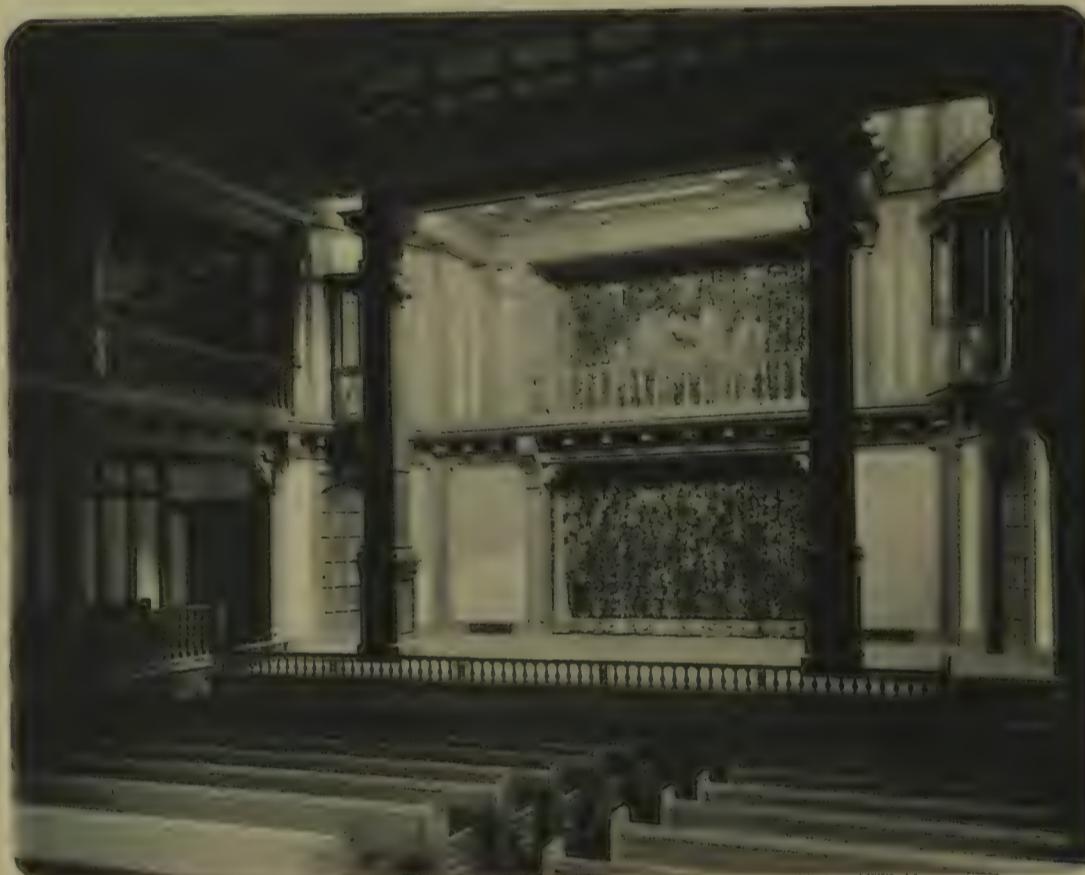
With "The Hog's Back Mystery" Mr. Freeman Wills Crofts has added another to his long list of successes. The problem was a hard one, even for so intelligent and experienced a detective as French; but when a fourth crime had been committed, it was not difficult to discover the identity of the murderers—though even then it was no easy matter to upset the alibis. The explanation is ingenious and just credible, but it is the weakest part in an excellent story.

The murder of the Prime Minister, in Mr. Cecil Waye's story, "The Prime Minister's Pencil," happened at a peculiarly disastrous moment for his party. This caused Mr. Perrin to look carefully at leading members of the Opposition, with some interesting results. But the finding of the motive was simple beside the task of discovering the means; and even Mr. Perrin has to wait until another murder is attempted before probing the dark secret of a revolutionary discovery in Science.

"The Boat-Race Murder" begins so promisingly, and the setting is so new and entertaining, that Mr. Swartwout raises our highest hopes. Alas! he does not quite fulfil them. The developments are too surprising, too far-fetched. But the story is worth reading, if only for the light it throws on the way a University crew (when not plotting murder) spends its time on the eve of the race.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Tom's a-Cold. By John Collier. (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.)
The Hog's Back Mystery. By Freeman Wills Crofts. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)
The Paradine Case. By Robert Hichens. (Benn; 7s. 6d.)
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Helena. By Sylvia Thompson. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)
God's Little Acre. By Erskine Caldwell. (Secker; 7s. 6d.)
The Boat-Race Murder. By R. E. Swartwout. (Grayson; 7s. 6d.)
Sad Indian. By Thames Williamson. (Cape; 7s. 6d.)
The Prime Minister's Pencil. By Cecil Waye. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)
All Souls' Night. By Hugh Walpole. (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.)
Storm Tarn. By Princess Paul Troubetzkoy. (Grayson; 7s. 6d.)



THE ELIZABETHAN THEATRE IN THE NEW FOLGER SHAKESPEARE LIBRARY AT WASHINGTON—NOT COPIED FROM ANY ONE PLAYHOUSE, BUT DESIGNED TO GIVE THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE PERIOD.

The Folger Shakespeare Library at Washington, a beautiful building which cost 2,000,000 dollars, houses the works of Shakespeare collected by the late Mr. Henry Clay Folger. Mr. Folger bequeathed his collection to the Trustees of Amherst College, Massachusetts, to be housed in a building at Washington. The collection includes seventy-nine of the First Folios, more than a third of the total known, fifty-eight copies of the Second Folio, twenty-four of the Third, thirty-nine of the Fourth, and the only two copies known of the "Collected Works" of 1619, together with a larger collection of the Quartos than have anywhere else been assembled. The Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library is Mr. William Adams Slade, and the Director of Research is Dr. Joseph Quincy Adams, the foremost Shakespearian scholar in America.

come to life but does not; Miss Thompson has so much sympathy with erring human nature herself, she cannot make really convincing a character like Helena, who made no allowances for our weaknesses. As a whole, the story is a failure, but it has good things in it.

"Sad Indian" also tells of the conflict between the unsophisticated and the sophisticated. Juan is a peon, a Mexican Indian who leaves his native village to sell maize in the city. He is utterly unfitted for urban life.

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Storm Tarn. By Princess Paul Troubetzkoy. (Grayson; 7s. 6d.)

EPSTEIN, THE MOST CHALLENGING MODERN SCULPTOR: NEW WORKS.

BY COURTESY OF THE LEICESTER GALLERIES, LEICESTER SQUARE.



"SONJA (MRS. HEATH)": BRONZE, 1931.



"LOUISE": BRONZE, 1932.



"LYDIA": BRONZE, 1931.



"ORIEL": BRONZE, 1931.



"ISOBEL": BRONZE, 1932.



"ROMA OF BARBADOS": BRONZE, 1932.

"THE SUN-GOD," CARVED IN HOPTON WOOD STONE,
1910: PART OF "PRIMEVAL GODS."

"ISOBEL": BRONZE, 1932.

At the Leicester Galleries is now on view the largest exhibition of Epstein's sculpture hitherto held. The principal exhibit, which, like many other works of his, has caused some sensation, is a large bas-relief called "Primeval Gods," about 7 ft. high by 6 ft. wide and carved on both sides. One side is occupied by the single figure of the Sun-God, of which we illustrate only the upper half. This figure was begun in 1910 and left unfinished until 1931. On the other side is a group of three figures, only recently completed. Mr. Epstein is reported to consider "Primeval Gods" one of his best efforts—"a true piece of creative sculpture." Discussing this and other exhibits, Mr. P. G. Konody, the well-known

art critic, has written: "The usual controversy will, of course, rage about the 'Primeval Gods.' . . . But it is in his bronze half-figure of 'Isobel' that this great sculptor rises to the height of achievement. The proud grace and nobility of poise are of inimitable, indescribable beauty. . . . All his busts of women . . . have an intensified, burning vitality the like of which is to be found in no other living sculptor's work." "Isobel" was sold on the first day for 400 guineas. Last autumn, it may be recalled, some of Mr. Epstein's work successfully passed the auction test for the first time. An interesting study of his art is to be found in Mr. L. B. Powell's book, "Jacob Epstein."

LINKING VENICE TO THE MAINLAND—BY MOTOR ROAD: THE NEW BRIDGE OVER THE LAGOON, AND A NEW CANAL.



THE NEW BRIDGE LINKING VENICE WITH THE MAINLAND; AND THUS MAKING IT POSSIBLE TO VISIT THE CITY BY MOTOR-CAR: A GENERAL VIEW, LOOKING TOWARDS VENICE; SHOWING THE SIMPLE, UNOBTRUSIVE CHARACTER OF THE WORK.



THE NEW WATERWAY THAT HAS BEEN OPENED THROUGH VENICE TO SHORTEN THE DISTANCE FROM THE STATION, AND THE NEW BRIDGEHEAD, TO ST. MARK'S: WHERE THE "RIO NUOVO" MEETS THE GRAND CANAL BY THE OLD CA' FOSCARI.



AT THE LAGOON ENTRANCE OF THE GRAND CANAL: THE NEW MOTOR ROAD SPANNING THE WATERWAY BY THE DIGNIFIED BRIDGE—with the litorial parades between the arches.



THE STRUCTURE OF THE NEW BRIDGE, MADE OF BRICK AND STONE: A PHOTOGRAPH GIVING AN IDEA OF THE HEIGHT OF THE PARAPET.

On St. Mark's Day, April 25, the Prince and Princess of Piedmont opened the new bridge which links the mainland to Venice, and also the new canal which, starting from the point at which the bridgehead meets to St. Mark's Litorio, was blessed by Cardinal La Fontaine, the archbishop and brick and it runs parallel to and alongside the old road which connects the mainland to the Adriatic in the middle of the nineteenth century. It has an asphalt surface over 40 ft. wide, and a parapet 16 ft. 6 in. to 18 ft. 6 in. high, and a width of 16 ft. 6 in. The bridge rests on 226 arches. The motor road, prolonged from the litorial road at Mestre, where the lagoon divides on reaching Venice, one branch going to the station and the other to St. Mark's, is a spacious square. From this square, access to the core of Venice is either by the Grand Canal or by the Rio Nuovo, also called the Rio Foscari: the latter having been opened in 1864, and connecting the new road from the station to St. Mark's. The first section of this canal had been built above ground, and the other sections have been made by widening existing canals, and by filling in the spaces between old working-class dwellings. The Rio di Ca' Foscari, where the canal turns into the Grand Canal, has remained untouched, with the great Byzantine house of the testa, the Palazzo Ducale, to Pugno. Of the six bridges along the Rio Nuovo, some have been specially built in order to allow big motor-boats to pass underneath, while others were specially built. The cost of the new constructions and of the adaptations appears in keeping with the cost of the new bridge. One may say, throughout the entire phase of new construction, the beauty of the city has been carefully preserved.



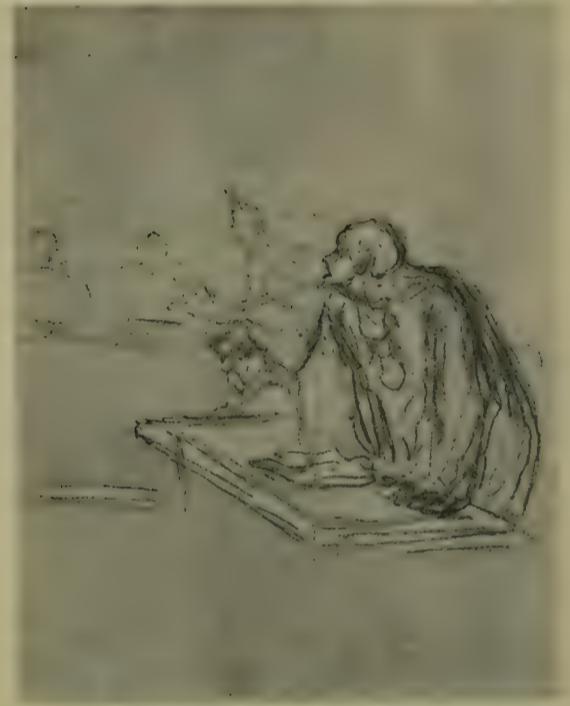
THE NEW MOTOR ROAD APPROACHING VENICE—FROM WHICH, HOWEVER, IT IS INVISIBLE, EXCEPT FROM THE ALREADY COMMERCIALISED NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE RAILWAY STATION: SOME OF THE 226 ARCHES ON WHICH THE ROADWAY RESTS SEEN AT THE POINT AT WHICH THE LITORIO BRIDGE CURVES AWAY FROM THAT CARRYING THE RAILWAY.



AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE NEW ROAD BRIDGE LINKING VENICE WITH THE MAINLAND—TAKEN LOOKING AWAY FROM THE CITY: THE NEW LITORIO BRIDGE RUNNING PARALLEL TO, AND ON THE LEFT OF, THE OLD RAILWAY BRIDGE; THEN (CENTRE) TURNING ASIDE AND MEETING THE LAND, AFTER CROSSING THE ENTRANCE OF THE GRAND CANAL.



THE arrival of a catalogue from Boerner's, of Leipzig, announcing the sale of a New York collection of Prints and Drawings by Daumier, reminds me that one does not often see his work at English exhibitions. This is partly, I suppose, because one half of his reputation rests upon his caricatures of the 1830's and '40's, and a complete understanding of French political lampoons of the past demands a detailed knowledge of French history during a rather muddled and troublesome period which is beyond the range of most of us. Few things are so dead as caricatures if one has lost the key to the burning problems of their time, and, when those problems consist of the party squabbles of another nation, one must be allowed to admire the artist's force without enquiring too closely into his meaning. Daumier was an enthusiastic, fanatic, and incorrigible Republican, whose work for *Charivari* earned him six months in jail under the idiotic laws of the restored French monarchy. The paper was suppressed altogether in due course, and when Napoleon III.



2. DAUMIER RIDING ONE OF HIS FAVOURITE HOBBY-HORSES—SATIRE OF THE LAW: "LA PLAIDOIRIE," A STUDY WHICH IS PARTICULARLY INTERESTING AS SHOWING THE ARTIST STILL IN DOUBT ABOUT THE POSITION OF THE ADVOCATE'S RIGHT HAND.

Figs. 1 and 2, it may be noted, are announced as forming part of a forthcoming sale of a New York collection of prints and drawings by Boerner's, of Leipzig.

endeavoured to assume the mantle of his great namesake, Daumier was reduced to very serious straits.

The results for posterity were superb, for he was driven to devote more time to painting and drawing, and less to journalism, but his own destiny was one of extreme poverty to the very end. He was one of those unfortunate creative artists who make large sums for the dealers after their death. The sum paid by Mr. Courtauld for his magnificent "Don Quixote," that romantic and sombre interpretation of the immortal story, would have kept Daumier in affluence for the last twenty years of his life; but there were no Courtaulds in the 1860's, and the artist and his wife were very nearly turned out of their modest little house because the rent was in arrears. As to this, there is a story which is surely one of the most charming instances of one artist's kindly feelings for another that it is possible to imagine. Affairs had reached a crisis—and, to add to his difficulties, Daumier was going blind. Daubigny told a greater man than either, who promptly bought the house.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. HONORÉ DAUMIER AS DRAUGHTSMAN.

By FRANK DAVIS.

and, on Daumier's birthday, sent him this delightful letter.

DEAR OLD COMRADE—I used to have at Valmondois a little house I don't know what to do with. It occurs to me to offer it to you, and, as it seems a good idea, I've gone and fixed it up with my solicitor.

I'm not doing this for you, but to annoy your landlord.

Yours, COROT.

A convincing proof of the strange luck that can befall a man of talent is offered by the exhibition



1. DAUMIER ILLUSTRATES WHAT IS GENERALLY CONSIDERED TO HAVE BEEN HIS FAVOURITE LITERARY THEME—DON QUIXOTE: AN INCIDENT IN A STORY WHICH HELD THE ARTIST'S FANCY—PERHAPS ON ACCOUNT OF ITS STRANGE BLENDING OF BROAD SATIRE, FANTASY, AND MELANCHOLY.

of his works in Paris in 1878, when the painter was seventy. This was organised by his friends, whose aim was to raise enough money to enable him to spend the rest of his life without pressing anxieties: the show did not even cover expenses, and the committee had to put their hands in their own pockets. Daumier was already blind—the following year he was dead: ten years afterwards he was famous, and every scrap from his pen a gilt-edged security.

It is perhaps not difficult to understand the lack of popular appreciation on the part of the polite world of the '70's: an artist, to achieve prosperity at any time, must be in tune to some extent with the prejudices of his contemporaries, and that particular decade was the least capable of admiring the nervous force of fine draughtsmanship divorced from any concession to the picturesque. Daumier's types are definitely ugly: rare indeed is a graceful feminine figure, much less a pretty face. He was a consummate satirist, even when he was not concerned with satire, and one finds in his drawings a strength and vigour which owe almost as much to his natural satiric bent as to his purely technical ability as an artist.

I don't know whether there is any evidence available that he was familiar with the etched work of Goya, but certainly the most cursory study of his work brings the great Spanish master to mind. I do not suggest that there is the least imitation, but merely that he is in the direct succession. If the point is not too academic, one can argue that something of the Goya spirit came down through him to J.-L. Forain (the latter's studies of lawyers show

extraordinary similarities), and then crossed the Channel, stopped in Jersey *en route*, and reached London in the person of Edmund Blampied, who, to my mind, has yet to be appreciated at his true worth by his own generation.

As an inspired interpreter of the Paris of the '30's and '40's, Daumier is inimitable. There are more than four thousand lithographs alone, portraying every conceivable personality, from the solemn statesman down to the rag-tag and bobtail of the gutters—an immense procession of lawyers, soldiers, policemen, thieves, tradesmen, hawkers, servant-girls, clerks, as if he had read every word ever written by Balzac, and retained every image from those crowded novels in his brain. Like Dickens, he had worked for a time in a lawyer's office, and his world is peopled by a succession of Dodsons and Foggs. If he had one literary god it was Cervantes, and it is this that accounts for the large number of both drawings and paintings devoted to highly romantic studies of the poor knight and his little servant, in which the strange character of the story is suggested by the most economical means, and with an intensity of which Rembrandt himself would not have been ashamed (Fig. 1). Something at least of his great qualities comes out in these much reduced illustrations.

Perhaps a strange, and I believe a unique, characteristic of his methods as a busy caricaturist should be mentioned in even so short a sketch as



3. "LE MUSICIEN": A STUDY BY DAUMIER, WHO RARELY, IF EVER, WORKED FROM LIFE OR FROM A MODEL, BUT CARRIED THE IMAGE IN HIS HEAD AND PUT IT ON PAPER WHEN HE GOT HOME.

(11 1/4 IN. BY 8 1/4 IN.)

From the Collection of Sir William Burrell.



4. "LES CAUSEURS": A PEN-AND-WASH DRAWING BY DAUMIER, WHICH SHOWS HIS VERY CHARACTERISTIC STYLE OF DRAWING. (5 1/2 IN. BY 7 1/2 IN.)—[Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Alex. Reid and Lefevre.]

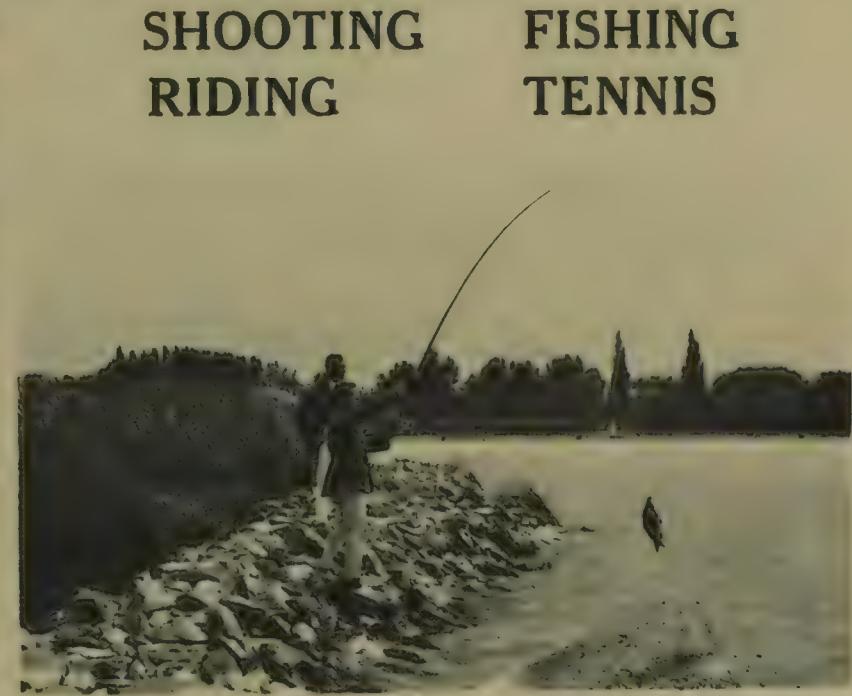
this. He would go, shall we say, to the Chamber of Deputies and watch the proceedings for half an hour without touching pen or pencil. He would then return to his studio, and make little clay figures of the people he proposed to caricature. From these, and not from the living models, he would work at his portraits. He never drew from life, but always from memory—and the clay models were done from memory also. The best known of these statuettes is that of Ratapoil, which became for some years the type of the police agent under the Second Empire. Perhaps it was partly because of his powers as a plastic artist that Michelet, the historian, who admired his political work enormously, called him "The Michaelangelo of Caricature." He died under the Third Republic, after refusing the Legion of Honour from the Second Empire. A grateful nation paid the cost of four bearers at his funeral—three francs for each one.

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THE London Season of 1933 opens officially with the first of their Majesties' Courts, which is to be held on May 11. Débutantes are busy practising their curtseys and the dress-designers are working at full speed. A charming exponent of the season's "presentation" fashions is the débuteante's dress pictured in the centre. White satin petals outlined with diamanté and crystal are appliquéd on net, giving a youthful air to the sophisticated satin. It is a model at Debenham and Freebody's. For the opera and important evening functions, dresses look really *grande tenue* this year, made in gleaming ciré satins or heavy silks of unusual textures. The accompanying capes, coats, and shoulder ruffles are quite false modesty.

[Continued opposite.]

as the back of the dress is practically non-existent! A very striking evening frock is the one on this page, of black net beautifully worked with a trellis design in sequins. This may be found at Swan and Edgar's. For the afternoon, the vogue is definitely for formal toilettes. The ensemble just above, from Liberty's, is very new, with the fashionable three-quarter coat and wide sleeves. The material is a heavy crêpe woven with a little flower in "off white." For golf, hand-woven woollies are always smart. The cardigan and jersey on the left, carefully following the new colour scheme of light on dark, come from the Shetland Industries in George Street, Baker Street. Each is available for thirty-five shillings and several colours can be blended.

Photographs by Scialoni and Wallace Heaton.

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3

THE BERYSTEDE.

WHATEVER you may feel in your heart of hearts about Ascot, there is no question that the drive back afterwards is apt to be rather tiresome. Only a fortunate minority can count on joining a house-party in the immediate neighbourhood. The need for a hotel capable of taking the place of a country house near by was already felt in 1903, when many of the great ones of the land were drawn to the neighbourhood of the Court at Windsor.

Edwardians went to the Berystede at Ascot. "The dainty brougham with a coachman and a footman in smart liveries meets the guests," runs a delightful advertisement of the period (rather in



A HOTEL THAT TAKES THE PLACE OF A BIG COUNTRY HOUSE FOR THOSE WHO WISH TO BE AT ASCOT FOR ASCOT WEEK: THE BERYSTEDE, WHICH HAS RECENTLY BEEN MODERNISED IN EVERY RESPECT.

the spirit of the "Young Visitors"). "The butler and the footman meet them in the hall." The rooms of these magnificent people, we learn, were "furnished and appointed as only rooms are in the famous country houses of the *best people*, sumptuous, elegant, and in the best taste." Fastidious

moderns perhaps set less store by the coachman and footman in smart liveries than by the comforts of the cuisine, and details like the garage accommodation. Accordingly the Berystede Hotel has



IN A HOTEL WHICH IS WITHIN EASY DISTANCE OF WINDSOR, HENLEY, AND THE ALDERSHOT TATTOO ARENA AT RUSHMOOR: THE GARDEN LOUNGE OF THE BERYSTEDE HOTEL, WHICH IS TRANSFORMED EVERY NIGHT INTO A MAGNIFICENT BALL-ROOM.

been thoroughly brought up to date. New kitchens and a new ball-room were built two years ago; with central heating; hot and cold water—specially softened—in every room. The management claim that their cuisine is the best to be found in an English hotel outside London.

But the Berystede was not thus transformed for Ascot Week alone. A great many things go on in the neighbourhood which justly attract smart people. In the first place there is Henley Regatta. Henley is reached after thirty minutes' motor drive from the Berystede through the most delightful part of Berkshire. Then there is the Aldershot Tattoo—that new feature of the summer season which has only been made possible by the development of lighting and communications, by a population that moves in motor-cars. Not the vast organised pageantry of Soviet Russia, nor the colossal sports gatherings of America, can ever achieve what this strange outdoor night pageant does. Every foreigner in England

for the season makes a point of being there—not only because the Tattoo has recently enjoyed "Royal patronage," but also because it is something unique in Europe at the moment, if not in the world. Rushmoor Arena is some thirty minutes from the Berystede Hotel.

With regard to sport in the hotel grounds, there are hard tennis-courts, a putting course, and stables; whilst in the neighbourhood there are some of the best-known golf clubs in the country. Sunningdale is the nearest; but the Wentworth, Royal Berks, and Swinley Forest all are less than a quarter of an hour's drive from the Berystede. On one of the best of these courses arrangements have been made for the guests staying at the hotel to play, special inclusive terms being quoted. The Berystede stands surrounded by thirty-two acres of pine-woods and gardens, and among the great estates in the neighbourhood may be mentioned that of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at Fort Belvedere. Windsor, with its royal castle, lies on the other side of Windsor Great Park.



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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

WE live in a most progressive age, as is generally agreed, but sometimes I find it difficult to keep pace with the high-speed development in motor matters. The general increase in speed on land, in the air, and on water has fostered new materials, new designs, and now the latest novelty—a new means for producing lubricating oil. Motorists have always realised that the crux of all speed machines is their proper lubrication and the discovery of the right type of lubricant for the working parts. On Friday, April 28, the Anglo-American Oil Company publicly announced their latest discovery, Essolube, the only hydrogenated motor oil, which is now available to motorists in all parts of Great Britain. Hydrogenation is the latest magic wand of the chemists, and is regarded as the most important scientific discovery since the X-ray. Its inventors, Professor Bosch and Professor Bergius, were awarded the Nobel Chemistry Prize in 1931 for their services to science in hydrogenation.

What it does seems almost unbelievable until you see the results, as hydrogenation has made sugar from sawdust, produced nitrates from the air we breathe, and now has given the world a new oil, better than nature itself can produce, according to the technologists. As a matter of fact, hydrogenation is a chemical process which does in a split-second what nature would take millions of years to do. In its latest application in the treatment of motor lubricating oils, it alters and corrects the chemical structure of crude petroleum with the aid of hydrogen gas and by means of tremendous heat and terrifically high pressures. It literally pulls apart the molecules of oil, and so re-forms them that the new oil—"Essolube" it has been christened—possesses every one of the five essential requirements of the ideally perfect oil, according to its producers.

Better than Blending.

Simple folk as we motor users are, we have always been ready to try new "gadgets." In fact, every true motorist is a pioneer, a tryer-out of new things, and an experimentalist. Sometimes such adventures cost us dearly, but on the whole we are gainers. Therefore I feel sure that everybody will test the new hydrogenated lubricating oil in order

to try out a new gadget, and prove for themselves whether this latest process is better than blending different types of crude, as its introducers claim for it. According to experts, the ideal motor oil should retain its body, resist cold and heat, deposit as little carbon as possible, and have a long life in the sump. Nature, however, has given its mineral and vegetable oils only a few of the essential characteristics. Thus the petroleum technologists state that the paraffinic mineral oils have but three of these essentials: namely, they resist heat, have long life, and retain their oil density; but they cannot resist cold, and are carbon-forming. On the other hand, naphthenic mineral oils have two "star" essentials: namely, they flow freely in cold weather, and have a low carbon content; but they do not resist heat sufficiently, nor are they durable. As for the vegetable oils pure and simple, they can only resist heat, which is their one "star" characteristic. Hence, in the past, oil blenders have mixed up the various types to produce the kind of oil they thought best suited various machines, according to their "duty." Now hydrogenation comes along and produces an oil with a wider range of virtues and, it is claimed, fewer faults than under the old process of refining and blending crude petroleum. Its virtues are reputed to produce cheaper motoring, by less need for decarbonising, less wear on the starting battery in cold weather, and a lower consumption by reason of its long life. My advice is, try it on your car. The proof of the pudding is in the eating thereof. Then you can form your own opinion. I am going to test it on my car likewise.

A Day on the Road.

I had a day on the road recently with a gallant Colonel who is the A.A. area road manager in charge of an important district. And a very busy day it was, as we inspected one-way streets, found the most suitable places for erecting safety direction-signs, inspected a series of anti-accident fog-posts, now erected to warn motorists on unlighted arterial roads where their red reflectors show the kerb-line, found a solution to cure a death-trap on certain cross-roads which had beaten the local authorities, inspected a hotel which had been reappointed after being struck off, to see that it had really mended its ways, discovered a narrow road with a double "S" bend which required warning notices erected, and finally,

in the dark hours, expressed an opinion on some new automatic "blinkers," or red, yellow, and green lights, erected at the cross-roads where the Cambridge Road cuts across the Great North Road by Baldock. The miles which were covered in half-a-dozen counties, and the reports which had to be written out, were all extra to these details, so that I am sure we all owe a great deal to these hard-working officials for making our roads so much safer to-day under much heavier traffic conditions.

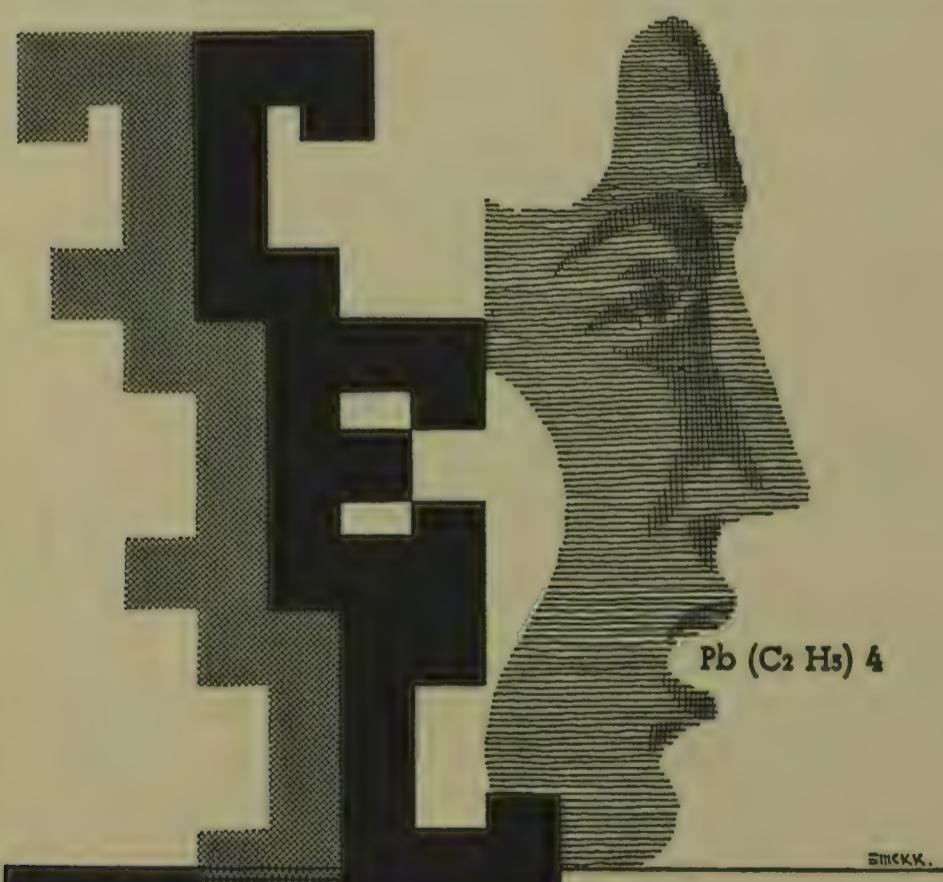
"SAFE AS THE BANK OF ENGLAND."

(Continued from Page 640.)

These are but a few of the vicissitudes of the Bank of England; they are somewhat sketchily set forth in this volume, which must be regarded as a book of gossip and jottings rather than as a serious history of a great institution. The authors add some remarkable chapters on the numerous frauds which have been committed on the Bank, and, by way of contrast, on some of the "Bank worthies," who, however, have been for the most part quiet, unassuming men with little taste for the limelight. These portraits include a sketch of the present Governor and "mystery man," Mr. Montagu Norman. We would not be pedantic, but we venture to doubt whether Mr. Norman was ever a member of "King's College, Oxford."

There are also chapters on notes and coins, on the general working of the great machine, and on its interesting buildings. Most people know that the Bank's first home was in Grocers' Hall, and that it did not move to Threadneedle Street until 1734, where its premises were designed by George Sampson. The famous building of Sir John Soane was actually forty-five years in the making, and was not complete until 1833. To-day, the Old Lady prepares to abdicate in favour, not, perhaps, of a Bright Young Thing, but of a more youthful deity. "There she sits, a strong muscular figure, young but vigorous, wearing a short classic kilt, and clutching in one hand a draped cloak flowing in shell-like folds behind her. Her face is stern but kind, and the expression one of watchfulness and shrewdness tempered by patience and experience. On her right knee, which is arched, she bears a replica of the upper columns and façade of the new building, while beside her on her right hand is a mound of circular shapes, symbolising the money entrusted to her care." Her history shows that she will need all the "watchfulness and shrewdness, patience and experience" which she can command, but whatever her future, she and her domain will form another of the monuments with which Sir Herbert Baker has so notably adorned the Empire.

C. K. A.



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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"CRIME ON THE HILL" AT THE SHAFESBURY. A CONVENTIONAL murder-mystery which strives after originality by linking up scenes with the use of electric sky-signs, broadcasting appeals, "black-outs," and "insets" showing us happenings off-stage while they are being described on. There is nothing very novel or effective in their use. A mystery play must stand or fall by its ability to keep the audience interested in the actual solving of the crime. The audience have little chance to guess the identity of the murderer, for the reason that not until the very end is any clue given as to who had committed the crime; though it must be admitted that, on looking back, his attempts to cover his tracks were quite ingenious. The play was well received, and it may be it will prove more interesting when the production has been tightened and speeded up. Within a few minutes of the rise of the curtain an elderly hypochondriac is found dead in his easy chair. From this arise several problems: Who put prussic acid in his indigestion mixture? Why did his only existing photograph disappear? Why did he keep his marriage a secret from his friends? Why were papers found on him proving him to have been in Ostend when reliable witnesses swore to his having been honeymooning in Devonshire? There is an extremely long coroner's court scene that occupies the whole of the second act, more or less enlivened

with the "humours" of comic witnesses. The third act was the most effective of the three. Sir Nigel Playfair, Mr. Basil Foster, Mr. Fewlass Llewellyn, Mr. John Laurie, and others were in the cast, but had little to do that was worth the doing.

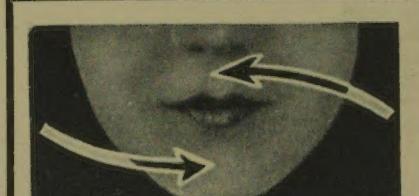
"HOW D'YOU DO?" AT THE COMEDY.

The proverb "Well begun is half done" does not apply to the theatre. It is the second half of an entertainment, and the impression the audience carry away while leaving the theatre, which makes or mars a production. This is fortunate for Mr. André Charlot's latest revue, for the first part is distinctly poor. Most of the sketches are provided by Mr. Arthur Macrae, author of that clever farce, "Flat to Let," and go to prove that the writing of playlets is not his *métier*, for they are distinctly on the dull side. Only three items are worthy of note in the first half: Mr. Douglas Byng's "Modern American Ways"; a very modernist trio, in the Noel Coward manner, "Cads"; and Miss Frances Day's "S'cuse Me." In the second half things improved enormously; so brilliant, indeed, were some of the items that, on balance, the revue may be included in the list of Mr. Charlot's many successes. Mr. Herbert Farjeon, the dramatic critic, contributed a clever lyric, "Mad About the Noel"; there was a pretty and daringly attired "Rumba"; an extremely neat burlesque of "The Green Bay Tree," and a "Tree" number by Mr. Douglas Byng, though it verged on the vulgar, that was undeniably funny.

"WHEN LADIES MEET," AT THE LYRIC. Superb acting and direction make this comedy excellent entertainment. Mary Howard is an extremely modern novelist, though strangely unaware of the nature of her sex in thinking that a wife will surrender her husband to another woman on request. The husband, Roger Woodruff, who is the lady novelist's publisher as well as lover, knows better, and, indeed, refuses to include such a situation in her forthcoming novel. Mary and Roger decide to spend the week-end in the country with a mutual friend to discuss the affair, and, by an accident that is farcical in its improbability, but serious in its treatment, Roger's wife, Claire, is introduced into the party under a *nom de guerre*. Indeed, she is even given Roger's bed-room, which adjoins that of Mary, so that when her husband, returning from town, retires for the night he finds himself in his wife's room. There is an interesting scene between the two women and the man, when Mary finds to her chagrin that Roger is not as anxious to be divorced by his wife as she has imagined. A philanderer by nature, he finds a wife in the background an excellent excuse for terminating affairs when they are beginning to bore him. Miss Marie Tempest, Miss Mary Newcomb, and Miss Ann Todd give perfect performances as the hostess, the wife, and mistress respectively. Mr. Owen Nares plays a light-comedy rôle with great distinction; and Mr. Cecil Ramage gives an extremely natural and convincing performance in the difficult rôle of the publisher-lover.

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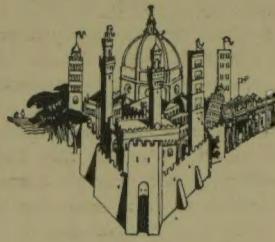
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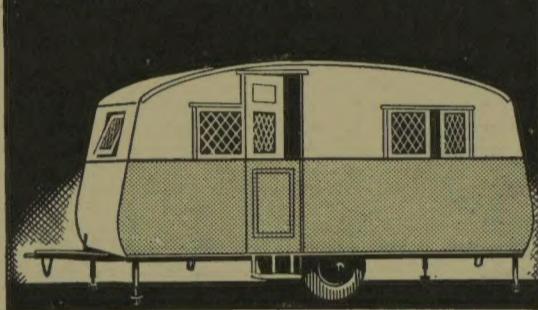
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